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THE LADIES' JOURNAL

1878 **Oldest Magazine in Canada.** 1902

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THE LADIES' JOURNAL

VOL. XXIV, No. 5. TORONTO, MAY, 1902. $1.00 PER YEAR

Married, Yet in Love.

Rev. E. J. Hardy, author of "How to be Happy Though Married."

IT has been said that marriage is the door that leads deluded mortals back to earth, but this is by no means always the case. Certainly love may end with the honeymoon if people marry to gratify a "gunpowder passion" or for the sake of mere outward beauty, which is like a glass, soon broken. There is a love that is feverish, violent, and full of profession, but, having gained its object, its force is soon exhausted. It cannot endure in the hour of trial. If beauty, health and wealth should fail it would fail. How different is true love! It is sympathetic in every state. The rosy time of courtship is not degraded by its decline. When the flowers begin to fade and when the winter of life is come it loves its object till life is extinct, and then it longs for reunion in a better world. We are so often assured nowadays that marriage is a failure that it was quite refreshing to read lately a letter in a newspaper which concluded as follows:—"I have gone over the boundary line of fifty, my wife is four years younger, and to-day she is 'my sweetheart, my wife,' and she tells me I am still her 'king among men.'"

We have ourselves known many couples—perhaps, indeed, the majority of those with whom we are acquainted—who might be described negatively as "married, but not unhappy," but here is a man who retains even the enthusiastic feelings of a sweetheart for his wife.

I was told lately by a clergyman that he knew a couple who were most happy in a marriage that lasted sixty-four years. The man married, when 22, a girl of 20. People used to wonder which of the two would die first. The woman died aged 84 and the man fourteen months afterwards. Talking of their married life he would say:—"Me and my missus never argued."

"Always a Lover."

To be polite and pleasant to each other and never to argue is the way husband and wife cause love to survive their marriage. A friend who was with me at a hotel said of a couple who were also staying there:—"I did not know they were married, for the lady always converses with the man and is so polite to him." What a satire on other couples! Shakespeare says that men are "April when they woo, and December when they wed," but if this be a rule it is one to which there are a great number of exceptions. Not a few women can say of their husbands what the wife of the celebrated actor Garrick said of hers:—"He never was a husband to me; he was always a lover."

"There is real love, just as there are real ghosts. Every person speaks of it; few persons have seen it." This cynical remark of Rochefoucauld is certainly not true in reference to love before marriage, and the existence of love after it rests on far better evidence than the existence of ghosts. I have never seen a ghost, but I have often and often seen love surviving matrimony, growing stronger and truer as the years passed on instead of fading away. I have seen many a husband-lover and sweetheart-wife.

Died to Save Husbands.

Benjamin Franklin experienced the truth of his own proverb. "There are three faithful friends, an old wife, an old dog, and ready money." After a married life of forty years, he said, "We throve together, and ever endeavored to make each other happy."

Poets are an irritable race, but some of them have made good and loving husbands. "And what did you see?" one was asked who had been into the lake country and had gone to Wordsworth's home. "I saw the old man," he said, "walking in the garden with his wife. They were both quite old, and he was almost blind, but they seemed like sweethearts courting; they were so tender to each other and attentive." So too, Miss Martineau, who was a near neighbor, tells us how the old wife would miss her husband, and trot out to find him asleep, perhaps in the sun, run for his hat, tend him, and watch over him till he awoke.

Many wives deserve but few receive such an I. O. U. as that which the grateful humorist Hood gave to his wife in one of his letters (when absent from her side). "I never was anything, dearest, till I knew you, and I have been a better, happier, and more prosperous man ever since. Lay by that truth in lavender, sweetest, and remind me of it when I fail. I am writing warmly and fondly, but not without good cause. Out of the strong came forth sweetness," might be said of many famous soldiers. That Lord Lawrence of Indiana fame enjoyed an earthly paradise in his home may be seen by the following anecdote: His Lordship was sitting in his drawing-room at Southgate, with his sister and others of the family, all engaged in reading. Looking up from his book, in which he had been engrossed, he discovered that his wife had left the room. "Where's mother?" said he to one of his daughters. "She's upstairs," replied the girl. He returned to his book, and looking up again, a few minutes later, put the same question to his daughter, and received the same answer. Once more he returned to his reading; once more he looked up with the same question on his lips. His sister broke in, "Why, really, John, it would seem as if you could not get on five minutes without your wife." "That's why I married her," he replied. To this admirable woman Lawrence whispered with his dying breath, "To the last gasp, my darling!"

DOROTHY ADAM

A little Aberdonian who is a reader of THE LADIES JOURNAL. Dorothy is shown wearing sandals which is her practice during the summer months

The contemplation of nature's calm and orderly working has a soothing influence upon her students, and perhaps this is why so many celebrated scientific men have been good husbands. After twenty-eight years' experience, Faraday spoke of his marriage as an event which, more than any other, had contributed to his earthly happiness and healthy state of mind. For forty-six years the union continued unbroken; the love of the old man remained as fresh, as earnest and as whole-souled as in the days of his youth. Another man of science, James Nasmyth, the inventor of the steam hammer, had a similar happy experience. "Forty-two years of married life finds us the same devoted 'cronies' that we were at the beginning," This shows that he did not put his wife under the steam hammer or nag at her, which would have been nearly as bad.

Much of what we know about the queen bee and the other bees was found out by a man living in Geneva, called Huber; and yet he was blind and only saw through the eyes of Aimee, his wife. She observed the bees and told him about them. Her friends said to her, "Do not marry Francis Huber; he has become blind," but she replied, "He therefore needs me more than ever now." No wonder that Huber then spoke of her in old age:—"Aimee will never be old to me. To me she is still the fair young girl I saw when I had eyes to see, and who afterwards, in her gentleness, gave the blind student her life and her love."

Considering how weak the health of Charles Darwin was, he would probably never have been able to make his fruitful discoveries if he had not had a wife and children who saved him from trouble and gave to him the leisure of a happy home.

Need for Good Temper.

And yet there is sometimes need of patience and good-temper on both sides of a scientific household. The wife of the late Prof. Agassiz was one morning putting on her stockings and boots. A little scream attracted the professor's attention. Not having risen, he leaned forward on his elbow and anxiously inquired what was the matter. "Why, a little snake has just crawled out of my boot!" cried she. "Only one, my dear?" interrogated the professor, calmly lying down again, "there should have been three." He had put them there to keep them warm.

A monster lobster was once forwarded to the house of the celebrated naturalist, Frank Buckland, while he was away inspecting salmon rivers. Mrs. Buckland, not wishing this fine lobster to become stale, invited a few friends to supper, and the beautiful specimen was disposed of. On Buckland's return he inquired for the lobster, a letter having been forwarded to him, requesting that the shell might be carefully prepared and saved. His dismay may be imagined upon hearing of the lobster's fate. Laughing heartily, however, he had the dust heap searched and every fragment of the lobster's shell carefully collected; these he cleverly put together, and produced a fair model of an almost unique specimen.

(See page 29)

Vice-Reines of Canada Since Confederation.

No. VII. *

The Regime of Lord Aberdeen.

By Margaret Eadie Henderson.

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THE Right Honorable the Earl of Aberdeen was sworn in as Governor-General of Canada on the 18th of September, 1893. Lord Aberdeen came no stranger to Canada and the Canadian people. In 1891 Lord and Lady Aberdeen, accompanied by their children, had made their first visit to Canada, of the broad extent of which they had, as it were, a panoramic view, beginning with the grey fortresses of Quebec, and including many places of interest lying between the historic east and fortified Esquimalt, grimly guarded by the warships of the North Pacific squadron. Long, restful days at "Highfield," Hamilton, where the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen sojourned for several weeks during this visit, and in 1892, a protracted stay at the charming Canadian "Guisachan," had so familiarized Lord and Lady Aberdeen with the country over whose destinies they were to preside for a number of years that during Lord Aberdeen's term as Governor-General their Excellencies were practically Canadians.

Her Excellency had given her impressions of Canada, formed during her previous visits, in her charming little book, "Through Canada With a Kodak." These bright sketches, illustrated with many drawings from her Excellency's pencil, as well as views taken by her kodak, appeared originally in the magazine Onward and Upward, of which the Countess of Aberdeen is the editor, and at the special request of the publisher, and of many who had derived both pleasure and instruction from their perusal, the papers were published in collected form. Charming bits of word-painting they contain, too, as well as a valuable fund of accurate information for the friends of Canada beyond the sea, and of special interest to prospective settlers.

On their arrival in Canada, therefore, the Governor-General and Lady Aberdeen were received as tried friends.

The Countess of Aberdeen is the daughter of Sir Dudley Coutts Majoribanks, the first Lord Tweedmouth, who for a number of years was the active head of the great banking house of Coutts. Lady Tweedmouth was a daughter of Sir James Hogg, and was a woman of great beauty and talent.

The family seat is at Berwick-on-Tweed, but Lady Aberdeen's childhood was spent at Guisachan, picturesquely situated at the head of a lovely strath in Inverness-shire. It was at Guisachan that the little Ishbel, then only eleven years old, first saw the Earl of Aberdeen, to whom she was married in 1877. Much might be said of her happy childhood, for the bright, thoughtful, unselfish child very early gave promise of a splendid womanhood. The Honorable Miss Majoribanks, as Lady Aberdeen then was, had distinctly individual ideas upon woman's prerogative, and when, at the time of her marriage, the tenantry of the different estates vied with one another in offering gifts to the popular bride, these tributes, publicly presented, were acknowledged by the bride herself in graceful little speeches, which elicited not only admiration, but surprise, for twenty-five years ago the art of public speaking was not often found among a young lady's accomplishments.

Among Tennyson's earlier poems, the lines addressed to "Isabel" may with singular appropriateness be applied to Lady Aberdeen, so perfectly do they portray her beautiful character:—

"The intuitive decision of a bright
And thorough-edged intellect to part
Error from crime; a prudence to withhold;
The laws of marriage character'd in gold
Upon the blanched tablets of her heart;
A love still burning upward, giving light
To read those laws; an accent very low
In blandishment, but a most silver flow
Of subtle-paced counsel in distress,
Right to the heart and brain, tho' undescried,
Winning its way with extreme gentleness
Thro' all the outworks of suspicious pride;
A hate of gossip parlance, and of sway,
Crown'd Isabel, thro' all her placid life,
The queen of marriage, a most perfect wife."

But Lady Aberdeen's happy home life has not rendered her insensible to the needs of others, and the firm conviction that "no man liveth to himself" may be regarded as the key to the fact that the great influence of the Countess of Aberdeen is always to be found on the side of "the cause that needs assistance." Hopeful, ever-seeing latent good, needing only the power of loving sympathy to be stimulated into activity; bright, whether patiently wading through the details of some cherished project of social reform, or snaring butterflies for scientific examination, in the pale light of a western moon, or in the weird glimmer of lanterns; sympathetic and intensely in earnest, need one ask the secret of Lady Aberdeen's marvellous personal influence?

THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN

—Photo by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

When Lord Aberdeen was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland he was received as the Viceroys of Ireland usually are—with indifference—but at the end of his too brief term of office Lord and Lady Aberdeen left the green shores of Ireland amid manifestations of regret unparalleled in the history of that impetuous isle. They had used a golden key, and found their way to the Irish heart. For the kindly interest Lord and Lady Aberdeen had taken in Ireland and her industries had been of the most practical kind. The Countess had established agencies for the sale of the textile fabrics of Ireland, the Limerick laces, the ornaments of bog oak, the goodly blackthorn walking sticks, and other articles of purely national manufacture. In this connection it is interesting to know that the Irish lace depot established in Dublin, which was purchased by Lady Aberdeen before she left for Canada, has proved a brilliant financial success. Managed on purely altruistic principles, all profits are expended either in extending the Irish lace industry, or in improving the social condition of the workers.

Lady Aberdeen's executive ability was displayed still further at the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, in 1893, when the Irish village instituted by her enriched the National Irish Industries Fund by the sum of $100,000, a result quoted by the Countess with pardonable pride. At this village, where the productions of Ireland were exhibited, the simple life of the Irish peasantry was portrayed as vividly as in Carleton's "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry." A bright-eyed, sweet-voiced Irish girl said in a delicious brogue: "But, it is Lady Aberdeen that is the very soul of the scheme. It is just wonderful the interest she takes in us. And she thinks of everything, too, when you would think she would not trouble."

Some one has said, "The memory of the people is long and deep," and the Countess of Aberdeen is the richer for the warm affection which her sweet womanliness has won her. With such a record behind her, it is not surprising that the Countess of Aberdeen, when reigning as Vice-reine, came into very close touch with the people of Canada, co-operating with them in every good work. Lady Aberdeen, however, disclaims all achievement on her own part, stating that her "attitude towards the women-workers of Canada is one full of admiration and reverence, and that to the mother country fresh inspiration might well be brought from the resourcefulness, ability and energy of her daughters beyond the sea."

The most courtly, perhaps, of our Lieutenant-Governors of to-day has said of Lady Aberdeen: "She has left so much good work behind her."

The name of the Countess of Aberdeen will ever be inseparably associated with the National Council of Women, of which she was the honored founder. That the work continues without the inspiration of her presence, though encouraged by many evidences of her unceasing interest in the work, merely serves to show upon what broad, upon what firm foundations the Council was estab-

*This Series of Articles was commenced in the December issue of the LADIES' JOURNAL. A limited number of back numbers may be supplied those desiring the complete series at 10 cents each

lished. Since there is power in numbers, surely a great company of the women of the Dominion, of every race and creed, banded together, with one common aim—the uplifting of humanity and the alleviation of suffering—cannot but be a potent factor for good. Some idea of the extent of the work attempted by the National Council of Women may be gained from a perusal of the report which the Countess of Aberdeen prepared, at the request of the Hon. Sydney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture for the Dominion, for distribution in the Canadian section at the Glasgow Exposition. The practical bent of Lady Aberdeen's mind is seen in the formation of the Aberdeen Association, having as its object the supplying to isolated districts, logging camps and mining districts, periodical literature of a high stamp. The many excellent magazines, which, once read, have served their day, may have their term of usefulness extended by being sent to one of the centres of this excellent association. The difficulty in many places of procuring any reading matter makes the monthly box sent by some branch of the Aberdeen Association a valued gift, the more welcome because the periodicals are not of earlier date than the month preceding the current issue. During the sojourn of Lord and Lady Aberdeen at their ranch in the Okanagan district they had been keenly observant of the needs of those residing in places remote from populous centres, and the effort to supply one need was the outcome of their stay in the shadow of the Rockies.

Very closely connected with the work of the National Council of Women was the inauguration of the Victorian Order of Nurses for Canada, the national memorial of Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee. All that the Countess of Aberdeen has done to further this work of mercy will never be really known, but through her untiring efforts a royal charter was secured for the order in 1898, and permission received from the Queen herself for the Victorian nurses in Canada to wear the same uniform and the same badge (with the addition of the word "Canada") as worn by the Queen's nurses in Great Britain.

The order has already given proof that it exists to supply a much-felt want, especially in the remote and outlying districts, where the nurse is welcomed as a veritable angel of mercy. The gift by Senator Cox to Lady Aberdeen, as President of the order, of a furnished house in Ottawa, to be used as the headquarters of the order, removed one difficulty, and as its excellent work becomes more widely known the Victorian Order of Nurses will be regarded as a memorial, not only worthy of the beloved Queen, whose name it bears, but also of the zeal of its noble foundress.

In all her efforts to encourage woman's work, Lady Aberdeen has never failed to recognize that woman's chief mission is found at home, though she rightly thinks that the keeping in touch with the thought and life of the world does not detract from the charm of the home, from which should radiate all that is best and noblest and most stimulating in our "onward and upward" way.

Of Lady Aberdeen's great kindness of heart many incidents might be given. On one New Year's Day her Excellency, feeling profoundly the position of the inmates in one of the female refuges in Toronto, in the spirit of the Master she

Marjorie A. Gordon.

—Photo by Lafayette, London.

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN

—Photo by Elliott & Fry, London.

ceremony, is not known, but so strenuously and continuously did she manifest her opposition that her removal from the sacred edifice followed as a matter of course. At the conclusion of the service the Vice-regal carriage was driven to the home of the protesting infant, that her Excellency might be reassured as to the health of the little one, who, it appeared, however, was suffering from nothing more serious than a sort of stage-fright.

As may be supposed, Lady Aberdeen is passionately fond of children, who are quite shrewd enough to recognize in the gracious Countess a firm friend. A touching little instance of the mother's faithful memory will be remembered. A well-known florist, very proud of a beautiful new rose, requested her Excellency to honor him by naming it. The rose was very beautiful, and Lady Aberdeen asked to be allowed a day to think of a suitable name. On the morrow the name was given, the "Lady Dorothea," the name of her Excellency's little daughter, who had died in infancy.

Lady Marjorie Gordon the only surviving daughter of Lord and Lady Aberdeen, has from her childhood been well known in connection with the popular children's magazine, "Wee Willie Winkle," of which Lady Marjorie was the youthful editor. Very charming and very earnest, she promises to follow the

The Hop Yards, Coldstream Ranch

serves, visited the institution and addressed the assembled women appealingly, pityingly, and encouragingly, recalling to them earlier and purer days, and entreating them on this day of the unblemished year to cast away the past and to begin a new life. On many faces there were evidences of a powerful struggle, while on others the tears, welling up from eyes unused to weeping, showed that the sympathetic, earnest words had touched a tender chord. God grant that it be vibrating still!

A homely incident, illustrating Lady Aberdeen's thoughtful consideration for others, may be cited. Her Excellency had honored a very youthful baby by expressing her wish to act as the baby's godmother, and in due time the rite of baptism was solemnized at the church. Whether the baby questioned the orthodoxy of the officiating clergyman, or on general principles disapproved of the

Coldstream Ranch House, B. C., on Lord Aberdeen's Ranch.

example of her distinguished mother, through whose gracious permission the readers of this magazine are favored with a recent photograph of the Lady Marjorie. The other children of Lord and Lady Aberdeen are :—Lord Haddo, the eldest son, who attained his majority last year, the occasion emphasizing the admirable relations that exist on all the estates of Lord Aberdeen ; the Hon. Dudley Gordon, and the Hon. Archie Gordon, who are the two youngest children.

Lady Aberdeen's interest in young people has always been most marked, and in the most kindly way she visited many educational institutions, acceding to their requests for addresses, which were often as witty as they were sensible.

Chicago University did honor to itself as well as to the Dominion by inviting her Excellency to deliver the principal address at the annual convocation of the university, Queen's University, in recognition of her interest in all matters affecting higher education, conferred upon her Excellency the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. Lady Aberdeen is an earnest student of German literature, and on one occasion at least she delighted a German assemblage by addressing them fluently in their own language.

In November, 1894, their Excellencies visited British Columbia. Their official tour partaking almost of the nature of a royal progress. They frequently visited their own ranch, the Guisachan farm and the Coldstream ranch, situated along sheet of water. One can see stretching across the lake what looks like a bridge or dam, known as "the Railway." This ingenious structure is the work of the skilful beaver architects, and is one of the objects of interest in Lord Aberdeen's home in British Columbia. Here their Excellencies, with their family, spent delightful days, the memory of which lingers with them still. A number of views of the Coldstream ranch are given, through the kindness of Lady Aberdeen, as well as a view of Haddo House, Lord Aberdeen's seat in Scotland.

Of Lady Aberdeen it has been said that she is happiest when she is most useful. But her Ladyship is not at all a believer in the "all-work-and-no-play" doctrine. Not only is it her greatest delight to contribute to the pleasure of others, but she herself whole-heartedly enters into the gaieties to which her presence adds so pleasurable an element.

Long Lake Near Coldstream, B. C.

Some of the very jolliest skating parties were planned by her Excellency, and during the winter afternoons at Rideau Lady Aberdeen was always a bright, charming and attentive hostess, while the Lady Marjorie, who served tea of her own brewing in her little cottage, with its bright fire and cosy plenishing, made the life of an amateur pioneer seem almost an ideal one.

Her Excellency's social achievement was the Victorian Era Ball, given in 1897 in Toronto, in honor of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, to commemorate the achievements of that wonderful reign. And whilst the symbolic maze delighted both spectators and participants, their Excellencies gladdened the heart of the revered Sovereign by a message of affection and fealty from those assembled at the festivity inaugurated in her honor.

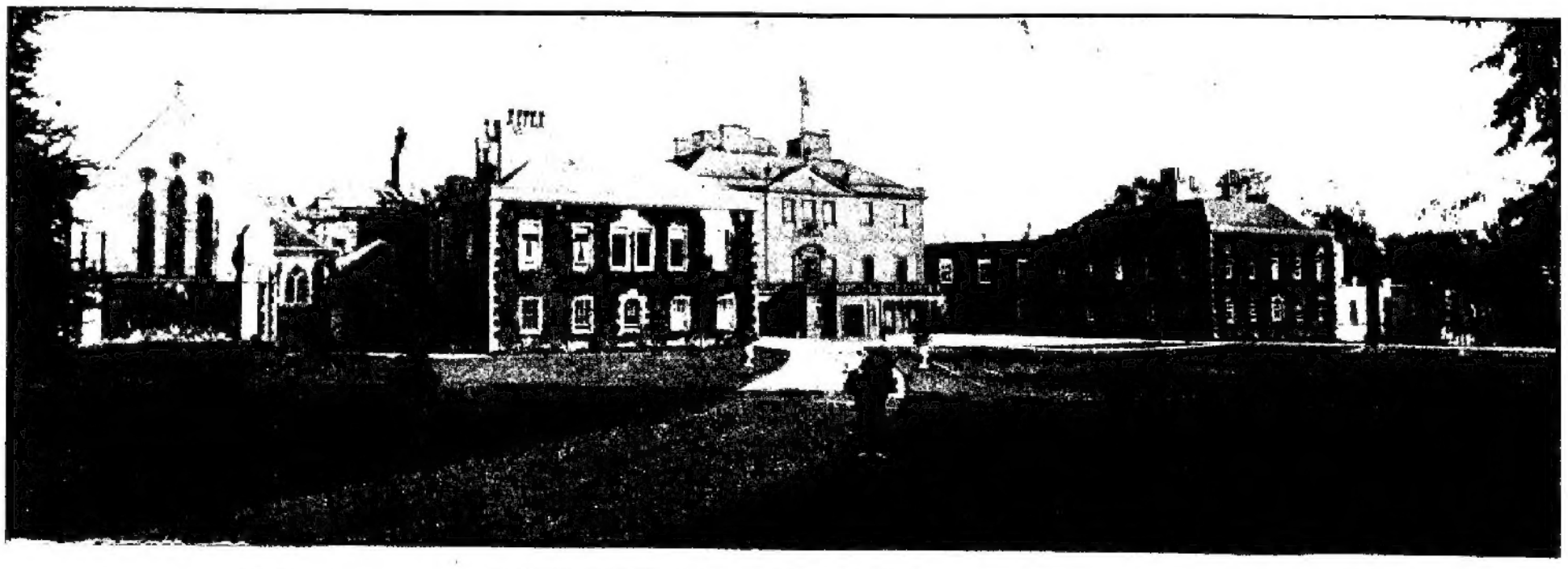
During the regime of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen at Rideau Hall the best traditions of Canadian hospitality were maintained, and the same "free-hearted hospitality" characterized their residence in other Canadian cities. Coming into such close touch with the people through association in their pleasures, as well as in their work, Lady Aberdeen has won for herself the sincere affection of those who call her "our own Lady Aberdeen." And if we are to characterize her influence, we may be safe in saying that the secret of it lies in her heart as much as in her intellect ; in her unaffected goodness, even more than in her undoubted gifts of organizing and of administration.

The following pen-portrait, kindly contributed by a well-known Judge on the British Columbia bench, strikingly portrays the Countess of Aberdeen's many admirable qualities :—

"Lady Aberdeen possesses a most charming personality, of commanding figure, with a classic head, finely set on a graceful neck, fine brown eyes, indicative of both intellect and wit. A striking figure were she a peasant instead of a Countess. Acquaintance with the possessor of these advantages does not lessen the admiration called forth by her personal charms. If I were asked what in my humble opinion are her most prominent mental characteristics I would answer, singular purity or honesty of purpose and truthfulness, coupled with an entire absence of affectation.

"I think it was of Walpole someone said : 'He is always acting, he cannot help it.' The converse would be true of Lady Aberdeen ; she is never acting, she is always natural. Under any circumstance of time or place, whether among peasants or Peers, she is always a lady. Higher praise I cannot imagine. While Lord Aberdeen was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland much of the popularity of his Excellency deservedly enjoyed was due to Lady Aberdeen's effort to encourage Irish manufactures and undertakings, but more especially to her courteous and winning manners, and to-day she occupies a warm spot in many a kindly Irish heart of every rank and creed. In Canada she will be long remembered for her devotion to every movement in the direction of moral and social reform. Her Ladyship's gift of public speaking is probably attributable to the Irish strain in her ancestry, and on many subjects of public interest she expresses herself with great clearness and even eloquence, her words being delivered in a clear, musical voice.

"But with all this she is a most devoted wife and mother, as those know who have been privileged to see her at home, surrounded by her family, and she, with her worthy husband, combine in themselves the best traits of ancient Scotch and Irish hospitality, and never seem happier than when extending those rites to their many friends."



HADDO HOUSE, SEAT OF THE EARL OF ABERDEEN

4110 Misses's Eton Jacket, 12 to 16 yrs.

4113 Girls' Costume, 8 to 14 yrs.

4102 Girl's Dress, 8 to 14 yrs.

4107 Sailor Blouse, 32 to 40 bust

be black or colored velvet, ribbon, lace insertion or fancy braid, or can be omitted altogether.

To cut this waist in the medium size 3½ yards of material 21 inches wide, 3 yards 27 inches wide, 2½ yards 32 inches wide, 2 yards 44 inches wide will be required, with 1¼ yards of all-over lace for yoke, collar and under portions of sleeves.

The pattern 4,109 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure.

Woman's Tailored Shirt Waist.

Severely plain shirt waists made on tailored lines have a smartness and distinction of their own, and are much liked for morning and general utility wear. The excellent example illustrated combines all the essential features, and is shown in old rose linen etamine, worn with tie and belt of black, but is suitable to all cotton and linen waist materials, to flannel, albatross, taffeta and the like.

To cut this waist in the medium size 4 yards of material 21 inches wide, 3 yards 27 inches wide, 2¾ yards 32 inches wide, or 2 yards 44 inches wide will be required.

The pattern 4,099 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust measure.

Woman's Sailor Blouse.

Sailor blouses are always attractive and suit the greater number of figures to a nicety. The smart model shown is made of white linen, with shield and trimming of white, dotted with blue, and makes part of a costume, but the design suits odd waists equally well, and is adapted to all washable fabrics, to flannel, albatross and waisting silks.

The blouse is cut with fronts and back only and fitted by means of shoulder and underarm seams. To its open neck is seamed the big sailor collar that can be cut in round or square outline as preferred. The shield to which the short collar is attached is buttoned round the neck and fastened to the waist beneath the collar. The sleeves are in the new bishop style, with deep pointed cuffs.

To cut this blouse in the medium size 4 yards of material 21 inches wide, 3¾ yards 27 inches wide, 3 yards 32 inches wide, or 2 yards 44 inches wide will be required, with ¾ yard for shield and stock collar.

The pattern 4,107 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure.

Misses Eton Jacket.

Eton jackets are in the height of style for young girls and for general wraps as well as for jacket suits. This fashionable model is shown in taffeta, finished with stiching of silk and with collar of batiste, lace edged, over the one of silk, but moire velours, cheviot, linen and cloth are equally appropriate, as are all suitings for the jacket made en suite.

To cut the Eton for a miss of 14 years of age 3⅞ yards of material 21 inches wide, 3¼ yards 27 inches wide, 1⅝ yards 44 inches wide, or 1½ yards 50 inches wide will be required when collar is used; 3 3-8 yards 21 inches wide, 3 yards 27 inches wide, 1 3-8 yards 44 inches wide, or 1¼ yards 50 inches wide when collar is omitted.

The pattern 4,110 is cut in sizes for misses of 12, 14 and 16 years of age.

Girl's Costume.

Simple little frocks worn with guimpes and finished with becoming berthas are much in vogue for young girls, and are always charming. This very pretty model is suited to countless materials, washable cottons and linens, simple wools and silks; but as shown, is made of dotted Persian lawn with yoke of inserted tucking and trimming of insertion and lace to match. The yoke may be omitted and the guimpe shown in the small cut used with either the elbow or the long bishop sleeves. The waist fitted by means of shoulder and underarm seams is gathered at the neck and again at the waist line. Finishing the low neck is a scalloped bertha, the edges of which are trimmed with insertion and frill of lace.

To cut this dress for a girl of 10 years of age 6⅝ yards of material 21 inches wide, 4½ yards 32 inches wide, or 3½ yards 44 inches wide will be required, with 3-8 yards of tucking for yoke.

The pattern 4,113 is cut in sizes for girls of 8, 10, 12 and 14 years of age.

Woman's Seamless Corset Covers.

The comfort and satisfaction to be obtained from a perfect-fitting corset are beyond compute. This pretty model adds the charm of simplicity to that all-essential feature, and is desirable from every point of view. As shown it is made of nainsook, with trimming of narrow frills and beading, threaded with ribbon, but long cloth, cambric, Paris muslin, and even mull are used, and the trimming can be lace, needlework, or the simple frills, as preferred.

The corset cover is made without seams, so requiring the minimum labor and time, but is absolutely shapely and provides fulness only where fulness is desirable. At the waist line and at the back it is absolutely smooth and without folds. The front edges are hemmed and supplied with buttons and buttonholes, by means of which the garment is closed. The lower edge can be finished with the beading only, or with a circular basque portion, seamed to it as preferred.

To cut this corset cover in the medium size 1 yard of material 36 inches wide will be required, with 4 yards of beading and 5 yards of edging to trim as illustrated.

The pattern 4,104 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust measure.

Four Gored Yoke Petticoat Lengthened by a Gathered Flounce.

The necessity for a perfectly-fitting petticoat is recognized by every woman, and requires no urging. This excellent model was designed with special reference to the season's styles, and provides ample fulness at the lower portion, while it fits snugly over the hips. The original is made of cambric, with a flounce of embroidery, but long cloth, muslin, nainsook and Paris muslin are equally suitable, with flounce of needlework or of the material, trimmed with lace or embroidered edging, and the design will be found admirably adapted to silk, mohair and the like. The flounce being seamed to the lower edge means the minimum of material, and renders the skirt peculiarly desirable for silk, while it also means perfect and ready laundering when cotton is used.

To cut this petticoat in the medium size 4¼ yards of material 21 inches wide, 3½ yards 27 inches wide, 2¾ yards 32 inches wide, or 2 yards 44 inches wide will be required for the upper portion, 4½ yards of embroidery 14 inches wide for flounce, or 3 yards 21 inches wide, 2½ yards 27 inches wide, 2 yards 32 inches wide, or 1¼ yards 44 inches wide.

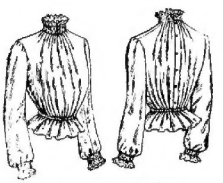
The pattern 4,106 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measure.

Girl's Dress.

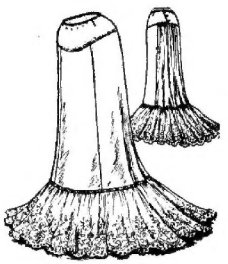
Fine tucking makes a feature of the season's fashions for children and young girls, as well as for their elders. The very pretty frock shown exemplifies its use in a most attractive manner, and is suited to many materials. The original is of white Persian lawn, with trimming of German Valenciennes lace, but all the finer soft washable fabrics are appropriate, as are India silk, veiling, albatross and all pliable wools, while the trimming can be lace, embroidery, velvet ribbon or stitched bands.

To cut this dress for a girl of ten years of age 6¼ yards of material 27 inches wide, 4¾ yards 32 inches wide, or 3½ yards 44 inches wide will be required.

The pattern 4,102 is cut in sizes for girls of 8, 10, 12 and 14 years of age.



4111 Girl's Guimpe, 4 to 14 yrs.



4106 Four-Gored Yoke Petticoat, 22 to 32 waist.

4104 Seamless Corset Cover, 32 to 44 bust.

4099 Shirt Waist, 32 to 44 Bust.

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EXPOSURE OF FOOD.

A VICIOUS practice, thoroughly bad, with nothing to commend it and give an excuse for its continuance, is the exposure of food for sale at shop doors in all the busy thoroughfares in our modern (?) cities. The air of such places becomes readily infected and the contamination of the food exposed is almost inevitable.

Street dust is full of tubercle bacilli from the detestable habit of spitting upon the streets, and generally contains various harmful microbes. The taint deposited on foods may be partly overcome in the cooking, but the danger is never entirely removed. The avidity with which certain foods absorb noxious odors is well known. Milk is peculiarly liable to take up unpleasant odors, and so, also, is fish. The former is employed when exposed in shallow trays to reduce the smell of paint in a house. Fish cannot be placed in the same parcel as coffee or other pungent-smelling articles of food, as it so rapidly absorbs the odoriferous principle. Busy streets are seldom free from offensive effluvia, and it is reasonable to conclude that these would easily affect many articles of food exposed to them. Food that is offered for sale should never be exposed to the free influx of air from the streets. If it must be exposed to view, then suitable cases, with glass screens, should be provided, with adequate provision for proper ventilation. The women folks, who are the great shoppers, can bring about the desired reformation by patronizing only those shops where meat, fish, etc., are offered for sale under proper conditions.

IS VACCINATION A FRAUD?

Every time there is an outbreak of smallpox in any district there is a wild rush to have everybody vaccinated. The doctors and the newspapers meet and the edict goes out that all hands must be inoculated so that they may be smallpox proof. For the most part the orders of the medical men are not questioned, and the people submit meekly to the ordeal. Occasionally some spirit more daring and less confident of the efficiency of the vaccine virus, raises a protest and declines to undergo the operation. But he is a crank of course and ignorant of what science has done and is doing to save life. The doctors won't discus the matter and the newspaper columns are in the majority of cases closed to the anti-vaccinationist. This may strike some people as rather strange. If vaccination is a good thing the fullest investigation can do no harm, and everybody should be given a fair opportunity of seeing for themselves that it is a good thing. If it is a questionable practice of certain harm and doubtful good then the sooner the searchlights of publicity are turned on all the dark corners the better.

From the very nature of things it is impossible to prove that vaccination ever saved a life. It is, on the other hand, comparatively easy to demonstrate that in numerous cases it has been the cause of death, either directly or indirectly.

No physician can tell before vaccinating a patient whether the virus will "take" or whether it will cause death. Every time a person is vaccinated an experiment is made, for the virus acts differently when injected into the blood of different people. Probably the most of the experiments are successful, but some of them are not. Even admitting for the sake of argument that it is advisable to vaccinate a person threatened with smallpox, it still seems a very unwise proceeding to have hundreds and thousands of healthy persons operated upon to guard them against a possible attack of smallpox, and thereby lowering their vitality to such an extent that they are less able to resist any of the numerous other diseases equally fatal and to which they are equally subject.

Ordinarily smallpox is no more to be dreaded than any other form of eruptive fever, and under intelligent hygienic treatment is as little to be dreaded. It is essentially a filth disease, and its present modified character and the infrequency of its appearance are both directly traceable to the improved sanitation in the centres of population and the rapid spread of hygienic knowledge among the masses.

Under the circumstances it would seem that promiscuous vaccination is undesirable and that compulsory vaccination is the worst kind of despotism.

TRUE CULTURE.

There is so much talk at the present day about culture, physical and mental, that one may be pardoned for asking what real culture is. Physical culture to-day is a fad, but it is something more, too. The masses of the people have suddenly become impressed with the fact that more exercise is essential in order that they may have a longer and more enjoyable life, and, as is customary, have gone to extremes. The extreme is the fad. That will pass away, but behind that there is wisdom, which we hope will remain. The majority of people have an erroneous impression of what culture is. In a word, it may be said to be the proper care and development of mind and body. Physical culture is regarded by many as some form of gymnastics, and that it is the panacea for all ills. Violent exercise never results in good. It may develop the muscles, but they are only a part of the system. Physical culture means in effect the cultivation of all the physical powers, of which the muscles are only a part. It means the harmonious development of every function of the body; for instance, the digestive powers, that food may be profitably applied to the nourishment of the body; the eliminative processes, that the machinery of life may be kept clear of irritating and harmful waste; the lungs, that the blood may be purified and enriched by oxygenation, and the circulation of all the fluids of the body promoted. In fact, exercise, although an essential part of physical culture, is not nearly as important as correct eating and breathing; for if good blood is not formed by judiciously selected and well digested food, and enriched by contact with oxygen in the lungs, any attempt to develop muscularity will only result in premature collapse. Any system of physical culture that does not start with correct eating and breathing as its fundamental principles cannot hope to attain success.

When women take the required amount of fresh air, when they exercise prudently and eat with a due regard for what is nourishing and digestible, they will cease having attacks of the blues and dyspepsia will cease to be a common ailment.

THE POWER TO UNDERSTAND.

Culture is the gift of those who are deep and intelligent readers. It is impossible to read much and read wisely without becoming cultured as a result. Love of literature is one of the earmarks of refinement. Schoubach has said, "Reading is the most important tool of self-culture," and Henry Ward-Beecher considered a library, not a luxury, but one of the necessities of life.

Culture comes from continuous contact with the world of thought—the thought of the Creator as He has expressed it in all nature, and the thought of man as locked up in the books of the ages, in his works of art.

In no way can we come more directly and more easily in contact with pure, elevating, refining thoughts than through association with books. We cannot always choose our companions. We can shun those who are objectionable, but we cannot always have just whom we would when we would. We can choose our own literary friends more easily.

Skimming through a book to find out what happened to the hero or the heroine, and merely catching the drift of the plot, is not reading. Many of the best books do not have any plot. There is about the same amount of mental nourishment in such reading as there is physical nourishment in chewing gum—a mere exercise, nothing more.

To read and derive benefit one must read intelligently, and have the power to understand. In short, read only so fast as you can think, and grasp the entire meaning of what the eye takes in; read with a dictionary handy, and never let a word slip past you that you do not fully understand; explore allusions to matters in other literature, and read with a definite purpose.

A well-known writer in Literary Life has said we should read with imagination. Take time for the building of the mental picture that the page suggests. What dull reading is the 21st chapter of Revelation to a reader who merely utters the words, or who thinks that reading consists in going over so many lines and pages! But to him who can see with his "mind's eye" the grand dimensions and proportions of the city of heaven, the pearline purity, the jewelled beauty, the majestic and joyous procession of the nations, and the overcoming, irradiating "Glory of God"—to that reader the 21st chapter of Revelation is a transporting delight.

FEATURES FOR JUNE.

We confidently promise our readers an unusually attractive number for June.

It will be a holiday and Coronation issue, containing much that is entertaining and instructive concerning the ceremony of formally crowning Edward VII. King of Great Britain and the Dominions beyond the Seas.

In Fiction this issue will also be noteworthy. There will be a large instalment of "Lionel Ardon," our interesting serial, and in addition a new story will be commenced, entitled, "Only a Waiting Maid." The author is Mrs. Chas. West Little, whose poems and occasional contributions over the pen name of Minnehaha, will insure her story the attention it deserves. The scene is laid in Canada, and the plot hinges somewhat on the domestic problem.

Our Fashion Department will be particularly interesting, and will be illustrated with double the usual number of half-tone engravings, showing the latest creations in millinery, in stocks, collars, and entire costumes.

Miss Henderson concludes her very interesting series of articles on the Vice-Reines of Canada with a careful resume of Lord and Lady Minto, the present Vice-Regal party in Canada. This article is also illustrated with a number of beautiful photographs.

These features are a few of the many which will make our June issue a notable one.

Immortality—A Sermon by Lyman Abbott.

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Why seek ye the living among the dead?—Luke xxiv., 5.

If one gathers out of the Bible its texts to get its teaching respecting the future state, he will find himself, in my judgment, in a maze of contradictions. He will find some texts which declare almost explicitly that there is no hope in death, and other texts which declare very explicitly that there is hope in death. Nor am I able to see any way in which these apparent contradictions of the Bible can be reconciled except by recognizing the fact that among the Hebrew people, as among all peoples, there was a growth in spiritual consciousness, and that the earlier teachings were those of men who were groping in the darkness, and the later those of men to whom the fullness of light had been vouchsafed.

If we begin with the earliest record, we find in that story of the garden of Eden immortality dependent apparently upon a certain fruit. So long as men ate of that fruit they would continue to live. But Adam and Eve had sinned, and that they should continue to live forever in sin, this was awful, and therefore they should eat of the fruit of the tree of life and live forever like the gods. This death was inflicted on them as a penalty for transgression, and so in all the earlier history of Israel it was regarded. So in a great many Christian households to-day—and perhaps in some Christian pulpits—it is regarded as a penalty visited on men for sin, who, if they had not sinned, would have lived immortally on this terrestrial sphere.

If you pass from this earliest record down a little later through the patriarchal age, there is no intimation of hope in death. When Abraham buried his wife there was no gleam of hope of meeting her beyond the grave—at least none apparent. When Jacob was about to be gathered to his fathers—that was all. It was to be buried in the same grave; it was entering the same company of the sleeping. When Moses came upon the scene and issued laws, he accompanied those laws neither with threatening of penalty beyond the grave nor with promise of reward beyond the grave. He neither suggested a heaven for the virtuous nor a hell for the vicious. He simply indicated penalty and reward in this present life. There is not a suggestion throughout the books of law of a life beyond the grave. When we came down to the time of Samuel, then first appears a belief in spiritual existences after death; but it is a vague and shadowy belief, and the existences are themselves disembodied and shadowy existences. It is from a vague Sheol that the disembodied spirit of Samuel is summoned by Saul; whether we regard that as a real summoning of a spirit, or a trick played upon him by a wizard woman, is immaterial—the fact indicates a belief that had slowly arisen of a disembodied existence beyond the grave. But that was all. In the earlier prophets there is nothing more than this: men are gathered to their fathers; they fall asleep; they go to the grave. As one of them says, Corruption is my father, and the worms are my mother and my sister. Perhaps as striking an illustration as any is to be found in Hezekiah's psalm. He had been told that he must die; then this edict had been taken back, and he writes a psalm of thanksgiving on this restoration of his life:—

"I said in the cutting off of my days, I shall go to the gates of the grave: I am deprived of the residue of my years. by the hand and says, Arise! He puts back the living soul into the tenement. Yes, the tent had fallen down, and He I said, I shall not see the Lord, even the Lord, in the land of the living: I shall behold man no more with the inhabitants of the world. Mine age is departed, and is removed from me as a shepherd's tent; I have cut off like a weaver my life: he will cut me off with pining sickness: from day even to night wilt thou make an end of me. Like a crane or a swallow, so did I chatter: I did mourn as a dove: mine eyes fail with looking upward: O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me. What shall I say? he hath spoken unto me, and himself hath done it: I shall go softly all my years in the bitterness of my soul. O Lord, by these things men live, and in all these things is the life of my spirit; so wilt Thou recover me, and make me to live. Behold, for peace I had great bitterness; but Thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption: for Thou hast cast all my sins behind Thy back. For the grave cannot praise Thee, death cannot celebrate Thee: they that go down into the pit cannot hope for Thy truth. The living, the living, he shall praise Thee, as I do this day: the father to the children shall make known Thy truth. The Lord was ready to save me: therefore we will sing my songs to the stringed instruments all the days of our life in the house of the Lord."

Turn over to the book of Revelation and see whether the "dead cannot praise Thee," and whether "they that go down into the grave cannot hope for Thy truth"—the book of Revelation, which draws aside the curtain and shows the dead making the whole heavens resound with their rejoicings and their thanksgiving.

Little by little there grows up a better hope, but it appears for the most part—indeed, I am inclined to think exclusively—in the later writers—at least in those whom modern criticism regards as later: now in a late psalm, now in the utterances of Job, now in one of the conflicting voices which run through the book of Ecclesiastes. But these notes of hope are like sunshine that strikes through the clouds of a cold November day—they come for a moment and they are gone again. Perhaps the most striking of them is that exultant shout of Job. He is in despair, indeed. He laments his life; he sees nothing but death before him: to him the grave is the end; and yet out of this very despair his faith in a just God brings forth a hope, and in the midst of his long plaint he strikes one jubilant song:—"I know that my Redeemer liveth, and though worms destroy this body, yet apart from my flesh shall I see God." And then the clouds gather over again, the sunshine disappears, and he falls back again into the same plaint, the same sad and almost hopeless strain.

This prevalent conception in the Old Testament time is illustrated by the figures which are used in the Old Testament to illustrate death; and very marked is the contrast between the figures in the Old Testament and the figures in the New Testament. My life, says one writer, is like water poured out upon the ground; there is no hope of gathering it again—it is gone, absolutely, hopelessly, entirely gone. My life, says another, is like a shadow: it is here this moment, it has disappeared the next. My life, says another, is like a cloud; it hangs in the heavens for an hour, then the sun rises, blots it out of existence, it disappears—other clouds may come, that cloud will not return again. Life, says one, is like a shepherd's tent; it is taken down—will it be set up again? He does not know, he does not suggest. The tent is gone. Life is like a thread in a weaver's loom: it is broken, it is cut—will some skilful hands gather the ends of these threads and knot them together again and go on with the weaving? He does not know. It is cut—the end has come. These are the figures of the Old Testament. I fail to find one that has in it the hopes which I shall show you, in a moment, run through the figures of the New Testament.

When Jesus Christ came into the world, then, the faith in Judaism was a conflicting faith. There were the Sadducees, who did not believe in any resurrection, any immortality; death ended all for them. There was the Pharisees, who believed in a resurrection, but it was a far-off resurrection; te dead dwelt in a shadowland; they were disembodied spirits. The Hebrew conception in this respect was not different from the Greek conception. There was no activity and no life apart from the body. They waited until the resurrection morn. The bodies, therefore, must be preserved, and the greatest pains were takn to preserve them by embalmment, that when the time came for the soul to reassume its life it could re-enter the body and begin its life again, in some future resurrection. This was the faith of Palestine when Christ came to the earth; and—I speak with some reserve—Christ was the first one in human history to teach the absolute continuity of life. I do not find that teaching—I do not say that it does not exist, it is never safe to utter a universal negative—but I do not find that teaching either in pagan or Jewish literature prior to that time. This was the message that Christ brought on this subect:—Life is continuous; there is not a break; there is not a sleep and a future awakening; there is not a shadowland from which, by and by, the spirits will be summoned to be reunited to the embalmed corpses; life goes on without a single break. This was the essence of Christ's message. It is true, like all other philosophical statements, it must be gathered from His teaching rather than found explicitly expressed in it, and yet it seems to me to be clear enough. It is expressed by His promises. I give unto you, He said, eternal life; I give it here and now; it is a present possession. The eternal life which the Pharisees thought was to come in some final, far-off resurrection, Christ said, I hand it to you; it is yours from this moment; you have eternal life if you believe in the Son of God. It is indicated in what He said to Martha when he came to the tomb of Lazarus. He said, Your brother shall rise. She said, I know he shall rise in the judgment, in the last day. Christ said, No you are mistaken; he who liveth and believeth in Me shall never die; for him who has faith in the Messiah there is no death: I am the resurrection and the life. The believer takes that resurrection, takes that life, lives on with an unbroken life. The thread in the weaver's loom is not cut; it simply goes out of human vision. That is all.

Christ Himself is about to die, and what is His message to His disciples? Why, this:—You think I am going to disappear, to be as though I were not. Not at all. I go back to my Father, and yet in going back to my Father I do not go away from you. I live, my Father liveth with me, I live with Him. I live with you, I will come again and make my abode with you; my life does not break off, does not carry me away from you. I continue to be in your presence and companionship more than ever before. It is for my advantage that I should go, for I am going to my Father; it is for your advantage that I should go, because I can serve you better, live more with you, be closer to you, than I ever was in the flesh.

This teaching is intimated in the three resurrections which Christ wrought. He comes to the maiden and says, She is not dead, she is sleeping. He takes her calls the tenant back, re-erects the tent, and puts her in it. He meets the boy borne on the open bier. The two strange processions meet—one with a jubilant throng flocking after the Life-Giver, the other a mourning throng flocking after the bier—the procession of life, the procession of death. He stops them both, and takes the young man by the hand and says, I say, Arise! and calls back the spirit and puts it in the frame again, gives the boy back to the mother. He comes to Lazarus. The message is the same. "There is no death; he is not dead, he is asleep." And then when the disciples do not understand, he says, He is dead. But at his bidding they roll away the stone, and He calls to Lazarus, as though to indicate that Lazarus was not beyond the reach of His voice, and the spirit comes back and fills again the body and animates it. Lazarus not far off, Lazarus not dead, Lazarus living and close at hand.

Finally, He gives it most illustrious exemplification in His own resurrection. He tells them His life will go on, but they cannot believe it. When He rises and returns to the body, or, if you prefer, appears in a spiritual body to the opened eyes of His disciples—it makes very little difference which hypothesis you take—He gives them ocular demonstration that He is a living Christ, that it was not in the power of Pilate to put Him to death, that the broken heart did not slay him, that He lived on. Thrusting away the body did not weaken, impoverish or destry His life.

Paul getting his first glimpse of the risen Christ in the heavens is always the apostle of the resurrection, and this is his message from beginning to end: an unbroken, a continuous, life. This is the meaning of the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians. Not that by and by the grave will open and the dead will come forth. Not at all. Every death is a resurrection, and the life is independent of this earthly body. Paul has argued for immortality, and then he says:—

"But some one will say. How are the dead raised? and with what manner of body do they come? Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die: and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not the body that shall be, but a bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other kind; but God giveth it a body even as it pleased Him, and to each seed a body of its own. All flesh is not the same flesh; but there is one flesh of man, and another flesh of beasts, and another flesh of birds, and another of fishes. There are also celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial; but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonor; it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body.

To make this meaning still more clear he adds:—"Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God." If the body were to rise, you would only be back where you were before. If the body were to rise, it would be as if the bird were put back into the egg; as if the butterfly were put back into the chrysalis; as if the full-grown man were put back into the cradle. If it did rise, it would be a harm, not a help. There is a spiritual body; that is, there is a new organism for the new function and the new life and the new condition. If the flesh and blood could rise, there would have to be another death before the soul could come into the kingdom of heaven.

(Continued on page 28.)

Lionel Ardon of Ardon Manor.

A Thrilling Historical Romance of the 16th Century. By Malcolm Dearborn.

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS—The story opens in the reign of Henry VIII. Lord Ardon has occasion to be jealous of the King's attention to Lady Ardon. The King fearing Lord Ardon's sword sends him on a dangerous mission in which he meets his death. Lionel Ardon arrives just as his father falls mortally wounded and promptly avenges his death. He reports to the King and on returning meets the Princess Elizabeth whose horse has foundered and assists her to her destination ignorant however of his companion's lofty rank. It is necessary now for both him and his mother to mingle freely in court life and he fears more than ever the unwelcome attentions of the King toward his mother now that Lord Ardon is out of the way. Lionel intercedes with Princess Elizabeth and succeeds in having his mother attached to the Queen's suite. He falls in love with Lady Jane but that unfortunate woman is coerced to marry Lord Dudley and after young King Edward's death pressure is again brought to bear by her powerful but unscrupulous relations to place the crown upon her head. She reluctantly accepts against her better judgement. Lionel urges her to refuse it knowing the trouble which will ensue, but he is overpowered and locked up in the tower. After a time he is released but Mary has secured the throne and Lady Jane and her husband are imprisoned. On his release from the tower Lionel is assaulted by the Duke of Northumberland. He He was seriously wounded and was found unconscious by a peasant who took him to his home. While there he becomes very fond of the man's daughter who delights to hear the stories of court life. The Duke is beheaded but Lionel intercedes with Mary to pardon Lady Jane.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE last week in September the Queen was greatly occupied in preparing for her coronation. The day appointed was the 1st of October. The Queen seemed to have taken a fancy to me after our first talk, and three days before her coronation I set out with her and her many attendants from Whitehall to the Tower.

The morning was one of nature's loveliest. The sky was blue, with only a few small white clouds, like plumes crowning a royal head covering. The trees, just beginning to turn, added a richness of color that gave a charm to the scene.

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We left Whitehall by barge, and the trip to the Tower was enchanting. On our arrival there Queen Mary made fifteen Knights of the Bath, I being honored among them. That night we rested there, and the next day we went in a grand procession through the streets of London. We were greeted everywhere with great enthusiasm, and Queen Mary's face brightened and flushed, as she saw the people gladly welcome her as their sovereign. My heart was heavy when on the coronation morning we embarked in barges and proceeded to the stairs leading to the Parliament chamber. At most royal reception awaited us there, and the great room was hung with costly tapestry. The street was covered with blue cloth from the Hall to Westminster Abbey. The morning sun lighting the brilliant scene, and shining on the upturned faces of the people as they hailed their Queen, was something one could never forget. It was all so joyous, so magnificent with color and life. Yet there was a pall for me that hung like an invisible mist over everything, for Lady Jane was in the Tower. As I was studying the picture before me, I was roused by one of the Queen's attendants speaking to me.

"Queen Mary goes now to the robing chamber, to wait until eleven."

"What hour is it now?" I asked.

"Just ten," he answered, as he moved away, and I was again left to my own thoughts. The hour passed quickly for me. The colors of the tapestry-hung chamber were most beautiful, and looking into the street below, it was a study to watch the holiday dress and faces of Queen Mary's subjects. The procession commenced at eleven. I had never seen Queen Mary look as well as she now appeared, although no dress could make her beautiful. Yet she looked the Queen, and her robe was magnificent. The robe itself was of royal velvet, over which fell a trained mantle and a surcoat of rich purple. She wore ribbon of Venice gold, and a mantle lace of gold and silk, with the bullions and tassels of the same material. The imperial crown rested upon her hair and glistened dazzlingly in the sunlight. She carried the sceptre in her right hand and the orb in her left. As she walked I saw that her feet were clothed in red sebatons.

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Arriving at the Abbey, the ceremonies began. Bishop Gardiner pronouncing the coronation, after which a general pardon of prisoners was read. My ears were strained to hear the name I felt should head the list. But name after name passed, and my heart grew faint. Surely Mary would pardon, on this day of power, that gentle, sweet woman who had injured her through no will of her own. The list ended, and Lady Jane's name was absent. I did not glance at Mary, for at that moment I felt my loyalty change to rebellion.

The Queen left Westminster Abbey, and the banquet followed. I was forced to share in all the public rejoicing, and spent my time as best I could during the dramatic and comic entertainments that followed. On returning to the palace that night I was greatly tired, and was thankful for even a few hours alone, away from the hailing crowds, and brilliant pageantry, and the noise and confusion.

The moon was beautiful that night. In vain I tried to sleep. My brain was awakened and restless. I went out into the night, and walking in the garden of the palace, entered and strolled among its beauties. How lovely were all its dreaming blossoms. Why should the fairest of all human flowers lie shrouded beneath the gloom of a prison, instead of under the free star-lit heaven? And her fate lay in the woman's hands who that day had carried the sceptre of justice, and worn the crown that should mean the welfare of all her people. My heart was not the only one that felt no joyousness that dreaming night; for many a name had been omitted that had been watched and prayed for, and many a face had paled, become drawn with despair, when the list was finished, and their ears had been strained in vain. Yet the heart of the people was so attached to the rightful succession of their throne that they would not tolerate Lady Jane, even though she had freed them all.

The night had passed, and the dawn was beginning to tone all the landscape to gray, while the wind, that had died out, freshened into a little breeze when I retired to get a little sleep, for nature demanded it. The first faint twitter of the birds broke on the air as I left the garden, and reaching my room, threw myself down, stretching my limbs. I gave a deep sigh, and gradually fell asleep.

A few days after Queen Mary passed a bill of attainder upon Lady Jane and her husband, and I then lost hope. I had not seen the Princess Elizabeth in any private interview since the one in the garden. She seemed now to avoid me, though I sought her earnestly at every opportunity. I felt it useless to petition Queen Mary myself in behalf of Lady Jane; but I was still relying on the Princess, that she might in some way help me.

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One afternoon at dusk, as I was sitting in my room, I heard a knock on the door of my little reading room. I opened it, and a person closely veiled stepped in. Of course I knew her. I had never been mistaken since that day when she came to see me in prison. My face betokened my displeasure as she entered, and I remained silent.

"I have no need to hide my face from you, Lord Ardon," she said banteringly, as she threw back her long cloak and seated herself with ease.

"It was quite unnecessary, Princess," I said, coldly, still standing at the door and holding it open, "and most imprudent of you to come to my rooms. I have been seeking an interview with you constantly, and you have had all the opportunities you desired to have seen me, had you so chosen."

"I like not the ordinary ways," she answered, flushing, and speaking somewhat tartly. "I came to give you news I thought would make you happy, but you seem so little inclined toward receiving me that I will straightway go."

My heart responded to her words, thinking of Lady Jane, and for the second I forgot all else.

"You have talked to Queen Mary?" I said eagerly, crossing to where she sat, and standing before her.

A look of triumph shone in her eyes; seeing it, I remembered myself, and recrossing to the door, I stood awaiting her leave. The Princess showed she was angry.

"I am quite capable of making the request of you, Lord Ardon, when I am ready to go?"

"But I wish you to go," I answered coldly.

"Are you not anxious for my news?" she asked, ignoring my last remark.

"Very!" I rejoined; "at any other time. But Princess, I request you to go," I said; "there is likely to be some one who may enter and finding you here——"

My words were cut short by the entrance of Lord Thrane, a Court gossip. I had not heard him approach the door, and I started back surprised. The Princess arose, and throwing her coat about her, faced him coolly, though the blood mounted to her cheeks. I stood holding the door with nothing to say, feeling inexpressibly angry at her for so foolishly and stubbornly giving the Court tongues opportunity to gossip about us. My Lord was a short, stout man, of no particular claims to good looks or brains. His suit of light blue satin made his face look particularly sallow and his eyes of undecided color were rendered more stupid by the light color. He stopped, then glanced at us both.

"I beg your pardon, Lord Ardon, I did not mean to interrupt any private conference," he said, staring hard at us both.

"It was not private, my Lord," I answered curtly. I could give no explanation that would sound plausible, so I made none.

Princess Elizabeth glanced at me, then at the intruder, and I could not help admiring her perfect self-possession.

"I came on a little matter of importance, Lord Thrane" she said, with no show of embarrassment. "You used the wrong word, sir, in speaking of 'private conference,' for one does not leave the door wide open for some intruder under such circumstances," she said bluntly.

Lord Thrane flushed, and seemed at a loss to find some way to answer her. But Princess Elizabeth, without waiting for further words, swept through the door, saying:

"You may be sure, Lord Ardon, that Queen Mary will do all she feels able," and she left us staring after her.

I then waited the explanation of Lord Thrane's visit with grace and less courtesy. He looked at me, then a smile crept over his face, finally a chuckle, his greatest expression of mirth, broke out, and I felt in the mood to help him out with the toe of my boot.

"You play high, Lord Ardon," he said, seating himself without invitation. "'Tis a new role for you," he continued. "I don't blame you. I have wondered before how you have avoided her inviting glances."

"Lord Thrane," I answered coldly, "a loose tongue causes lots of trouble and you had best remember it. Should you spread the least scandal about the Princess Elizabeth, you can rest assured you'll have a high debt to pay, and my sword has not grown to the scabbard."

His eyes took on an ugly look, but he smiled, apparently treating it all as a joke.

"You do well, Lord Ardon; the Court will know for itself without anything being said. Caution does not last long when the heart begins to burn. But my lips are silent. I shall not help your secret to its birth."

My face flushed hot with anger: "You could willingly tell the truth about it and you would."

"And who would believe you more than I do?" he said, laughing. "There, let it go—I am silent—only 'twere me. I should have set my feelings on a lowller dame, for a Princess is too near a Queen to keep one's head steady on one's shoulders."

It was useless to make an explanation, as he said. Who would believe me? The times were too full of laxity to make any impression upon the Court mind. Going to the door, I said:

"Lord Thrane, you will excuse me, but I have other matters awaiting me."

"All right!" he answered, taking a manner of familiarity toward me he had never before dared assume. "I will stay and glance at your books for awhile," he said, with a smile at me that I could have cut from his face with my sword. I left him, and went out to try and cool my anger.

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Chapter IX.

November dawned on the winter horizon, and on the 13th day the trial of Lady Jane and her husband took place. The morning was dark and gloomy when I saw Lady Jane and her husband led from the Tower. She was pale, but calm, and looked at the crowds and confusion with almost pity shining from her beautiful eyes. Lady Jane looked long and intensely at Lord Dudley, not having seen him during her long imprisonment, and he looked at her

with a pity in his face that even softened my heart slightly toward him, bitter as it was. His face did not bear that mark of peace that lifted Lady Jane's almost beyond the mortal.

They were surrounded by four hundred halberdiers, and a great noise and confusion followed them on the march to Guildhall. It seemed almost beyond endurance to follow in such a train, but the blind hope that perhaps some way I might assist her made me keep close to her as possible. On the arrival in the court room we were met by a great crowd of witnesses. Then the trial proceeded.

Lady Jane and her husband were charged with high treason, and to this she pleaded guilty. The color had mounted to her cheeks. She was fearless, and seemed so strong among those men so determined to intimidate her that I admired her as I had never done before. The sentence was pronounced, and she received it calmly, and apparently without fear. I heard a murmur of admiration and sympathy about me, and even the judges bowed their heads to her and seemed almost incapable of judging against her.

The sentence was a terrible one—too terrible for anything but brutes. She was sentenced to be burnt alive, or beheaded, at the Queen's pleasure, on Tower Hill. When the words fell on the air, a deep groan broke forth from almost every person present, and I leaned against the wall.

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The procession back was demonstrative of the feeling of the people toward the woman who bore within her the spirit of the highest Queen that ever breathed. They followed her, crying aloud, bewailing her fate, and were filled with deepest sympathy. Lady Jane looked pityingly at them and finally turned and addressed them. When they saw she was about to speak, a silence fell over all, and her sweet, low voice rose clearly to the air. Spreading forth her hands, she said:

"Oh, faithful companions of my sorrows, why do you thus afflict me with your plaints? Are we not born into life to suffer adversity, and even disgrace, if it be necessary? When has the time been that the innocent were not exposed to violence and oppression?"

After her voice ceased there was not an eye that was not filled with tears, and the people followed her silently, feeling that in that way their sympathy would be more acceptable.

I never knew one person more worshipped by the people than Lady Jane, but their feeling regarding the right succession was born in their blood, and they would not crown her, dearly as they loved and sympathized with her.

On her return to prison Lady Jane and Lord Dudley were allowed greater privileges, much to my surprise, and I took heart again, hoping that Queen Mary would at last pardon them. Lady Jane was allowed to walk in the Queen's garden at the Tower

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Some weeks later, entering the anteroom, I encountered Lord Thrane. His manner toward me had become insupportable since he had found the Princess in my room. I saw him by the window and crossed to the other side. I knew his eyes followed me, but I did not glance toward him.

"Good morning, Lord Ardon," he said, good-humoredly, treating my avoidance of him with apparent unconcern.

"Good morning," I responded indifferently, and there the conversation dropped for a few moments. Then I heard him cross the room, having my back toward him, and felt him touch me on the arm.

"Come," he said, "there's no use in being angered at me for your own indiscretions."

I shook his hand roughly from my arm. "You know well how to let your tongue wag," I answered curtly. I heard his little chuckle, and my anger almost bittered me.

"Why, man, the Court had eyes. Any little thing I might have said for entertainment would do you no harm."

"Probably not," I retorted, "but it can harm the Princess."

"You are very careful of her in public, Lord Ardon," he said sneeringly.

"Yes, and at all times," I responded hotly. "All men are not like you, Lord Thrane," I said, looking into his light, cold eyes. "There are some who can guard a woman at all times."

"Yes, perhaps," he answered, cursing under his lips, and looking out of the window, "but it depends a good deal on the woman. Now Princess Elizabeth is no strait-laced moralist"

"Enough, Lord Thrane," I said, turning abruptly to him, "you have sought this interview, I have not, and it behooves you either to end it, or turn your talk to other matters." His cold eyes flashed.

"'Twould not take much, Lord Ardon, to raise my anger to the point of my blade."

A smile crossed my face, for 'twas well known that Lord Thrane was one of the biggest cowards at Court, and would dust a man's shoes rather than rouse his enmity to fight him. So I could not refrain from amusement at his speech.

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"Very well, Lord Thrane," I said with satisfaction, "I am at your service whenever your sword desires a brightening, but 'twill take more than one fair fight to rub the rust off the blade."

"I was angry," he answered with a forced smile. "But why should we quarrel over the Princess? I have no desire to enter the lists against you. She is not to my taste," he resumed, trying to appear at ease and confident. "Now give me a woman like Lady Mannering. Beautiful woman, eh?" with a smile from his half-shut eyes.

I did not care to answer him, but looked steadily out of the window, trying to put up with the irritation his presence caused me.

"Your eyes have dwelt with favor on another beauty, now sadly absent from Court," he said. My anger was up in a moment.

"You are altogether too talkative about what does not concern you," I said sharply.

"Well, no one knows when you will get angered, Lord Ardon," he answered banteringly. "What should I talk about but women?"

"Men have other subjects to deal with," I retorted with displeasure. "You are no better than a gossiping woman, Lord Thrane, and you had best keep your face and your conversation where they will be appreciated among the silliest of them."

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I turned to leave the room, determined to seek an audience with the Queen, rather than tolerate such a fool as Lord Thrane. Going to the door, I opened it abruptly, and struck some one coming hurriedly in. I stepped aside and made room for the captain of the guard. His face was pale and his manner determined. I perceived that there was important news. So stepping back into the apartment, I waited, while he procured an audience with the Queen. The room was soon filled with lords and ladies of the Court, all bent on learning the news he had brought. After half an hour's wait, the captain came out and was immediately surrounded. He pushed his way through the throng of curious courtiers, and seeing me came toward me. We were old friends and I greeted him cordially.

"One might as well try to carry a wet sponge safely through a press as to keep any news when once surrounded by the Court," he said looking at the approaching persons with despair. "Let us go," he said abruptly, as he was about to be surrounded again.

We made our way out, much to the chagrin of those present, and reaching the fresh air, my companion breathed more freely.

"That's a relief," he said, drawing a long breath; "let us walk in the garden, I can talk to you there."

We entered the gates and strolling slowly through the well-kept paths, we entered a secluded bench and sat down.

"Lionel," said the captain, laying his hand upon my knee; "we're going to have trouble unless Queen Mary does differently."

"What now, Bob?" I inquired, looking into his earnest, handsome face. He was every inch a soldier, and I admired his strength and skill.

"You know the Queen's not keeping her promises to the people," he answered. "She is more than leaning toward Catholicism, she is embracing it. She does not want to be reminded of her broken promises. Only yesterday she ordered one man from the county of Suffolk, who came to remonstrate with her, to be put in the pillory. This engagement of Queen Mary is causing the greatest dissatisfaction," he resumed earnestly; "the people do not want a Spanish Prince above them."

"Yes," I responded, "I have heard some of the complaints since it has become known."

"Well, now, Lionel, I have just learned that the people are beginning to rise in rebellion. I have news this morning that Sir Peter Carew is up in arms in Devonshire, to resist the advent of Philip of Spain, and he has already taken possession of the city and castle of Exeter."

I was stirred at the news. "We may have fighting, Bob, if Queen Mary continues. She must learn the policy of her father—to learn when a Tudor must stop, but a woman is ever more persistent than a man."

"I cannot blame the people in this instance, Lionel," he answered, stroking his heavy dark mustache; "for to have a Spanish Prince above us may mean to sink into a state of vassalage to Spain, which is not to be endured. There," he ended smiling, slapping me on the knee, "you have the news after the Queen."

"How did she take it, Bob?" I asked.

"With sour grace, you may be sure," he answered emphatically. "Were I not of some importance to her, I believe I should be resting in the pillory at the present moment; but she's like to need me, so she satisfied herself by informing me that the people were too quick, but that on one point she would not defer. She would still marry Philip of Spain, though all the nation should rise."

"'Tis like a woman," I rejoined; "yet she does not love him, but she's set her head, and there'll be trouble, I warrant."

The captain rose, standing straight and strong in the morning sunlight.

"I'll fight with you, Bob, should you need me," I said.

"I knew it, Lionel, and now back to duty," he responded, and walking from the garden we parted.

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CHAPTER X.

Shortly afterward the Court received news that the Duke of Suffolk, with his brother, Lord John, and Lord Leonard Grey, had organized a rebellion in the mid counties for the restoration of Lady Jane Grey. I was stunned by the news; it was such a wild and reckless thing to attempt, and meant Lady Jane's certain death. One could scarce believe that Lady Jane's own father and uncles could again feel like sacrificing her for a plan that had been proved to be impossible. The people would not accept Lady Jane, however much they loved her. I determined to join the Duke of Suffolk, and use all my influence to endeavor to stop his mad, cruel course ere it was too late.

Leaving the Court, I travelled as fast as my horse could carry me to Leicestershire. I heard of his march as I neared the different towns and finally overtook him. He was proclaiming Lady Jane Grey to the people, who utterly refused to support her cause before. It was dusk when I found his party at one of the inns. I perceived the dissatisfaction of the people who were standing in little groups talking, when I approached. They looked curiously at me, and the landlord eyed me with little approbation when I inquired for the Duke. He informed me that he was there, so I entered.

The cold outside made the crackling fire very acceptable, and I was stiff from riding. I had followed the Duke steadily, and had barely taken time for rest. The Duke of Suffolk was seated before the fire, with his head on his hand. His dark eyes were dreamily studying the flame. The light caught a brilliant on his finger and cast the sparkle into the gathering dusk. His dress was travel-worn and his face pale and drawn with the excitement of his endeavor. No doubt he was dreaming of winning the crown, for a faint smile hovered around his mouth.

As I approached the fire, throwing my hat upon the table, he glanced up, first abstractedly—then, gradually gathering recognition in his eyes, he rose and cordially greeted me.

"I might have known, Lord Ardon, that you would join me in my endeavor," he said, shaking my hand warmly.

I studied his weak face for a moment. "You are mistaken," I answered, "I have joined you, but not to share your foolish and wild enthusiasm."

His face flushed angrily. "Explain yourself, sir," he said stiffly.

"Willingly, Duke," I answered, "when you can find a private room."

The landlord had been hanging about the door, peering in, with an attempt at a careless manner, but showing too well that his ears were not stopped. The Duke turned abruptly to him:

"A private room, at once," he ordered.

"Certainly, certainly," answered our host. "This way."

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We followed him through a narrow dark hall into a room evidently rarely used, for the tables were covered with dust and the red curtains hung undraped over the small windows. He brought a light, as we seated ourselves, for the night had quite fallen. When we were left alone the Duke turned to me, and closely surveyed me.

"Well," he said, "let me hear what you intended by your remarks to me, Lord Ardon."

"Just this," I answered, leaning on the table and watching the candlelight flicker over his face. "You cannot succeed in your present enterprise and you are leading your daughter straight to the scaffold. What the nation refused," I continued earnestly, "it will refuse again, and Lady Jane will meet her death. Queen Mary is inclined to pardon her now. Would you take from her her only chance of life? Believe me, Duke," I pleaded, laying my hand upon his, "you cannot succeed; it is certain death for you both. Think what Lady Jane has already suffered through just such a plan. You were pardoned before, but Queen Mary will not suffer it again."

The Duke's face twitched and his hand moved impatiently.

"You are mistaken, Lord Ardon; the people are against the Queen, over her marriage, and the time is right to put upon the throne Lady Jane, who is generally beloved."

I sat back in the stiff wooden chair and surveyed him. What was the use of arguing with one so selfish, so unreasonable, so weak. His daughter's life meant nothing to him, and he would work out his own end in spite of all I could say.

"The Queen will soon place her finger on your budding enthusiasm," I answered, rising, "and you will feel the weight then of the throne. Would you could die alone," I added bitterly. "But no, you must drag to the scaffold the daughter of your blood, whose pure, young life you will crush without compunction."

He rose also, and his eyes flashed angrily; "You may rue the day, Lord Ardon, that your tongue ran loose to the father of the Queen."

(See page 29)

Homoepathic Doses for Melancholia.

Prescribed by Dr. Merry Thought.

In the Days of Less.

The coatless man puts a careless arm
'Round the waist of the hatless girl,
As over the dustless and mudless roads
In a horseless carriage they whirl.

Like a leadless bullet from hammerless gun,
By smokeless powder driven,
They fly to taste the speechless joy
By endless union given.

Though the only lunch his coinless purs
Affords to them the means
Is a tasteless meal of boneless cod,
With a "side" of stringless beans,

He pulls a tobaccoless cigarette
And laughs a mirthless laugh
When papa tries to coax her back
By wireless telegraph.

When Doctors Agree.

(Jas. R. Perry, in Harper's.)

MR. Tecumseh Clay had never travelled on a railroad pass, though he had often wished that he might. So when Dr. Erasmus Evans, who had an annual pass on the A. B. & C. road, offered to let Mr. Clay use it, the offer was eagerly accepted.

"The pass is non transferable," said Dr. Evans, "but that won't make any difference. Just pretend you are me if the conductor says anything, but he won't."

Mr. Clay took the night train, due in St. Louis next morning. He awaited the advent of the train conductor in some trepidation, wondering to what extent he might have to prevaricate should the official prove to be of the extra inquisitive type. Mr. Clay didn't like to lie and hoped the conductor wouldn't make him. At the same time he was a determined man, and did not intend that a lie or two should stand in the way of a free ride. Besides, the safety of the doctor's pass might be imperiled if he exhibited any weakness or confusion during the possible cross-examination.

But when the conductor appeared he merely read the name on the proffered pass, returned it to Mr. Clay, and went on, leaving Mr. Clay rejoicing. Not even the littlest and snowiest of lies had he had to utter. So Mr. Clay, with a pleasant consciousness of both thrift and rectitude, settled comfortably back on the cushions in his section of the sleeper; and presently, having let the chocolate-faced porter make up his berth, he crawled in to such slumber as the rushing train might permit.

About midnight he was aroused by a voice at the curtains of his berth. "Doctor!" it said. "Doctor! wake up! A man in the next car has been taken sick, and needs something done."

It was the conductor, who had noticed that the name on the pass carried an M.D.

"All right. I'll be out in a moment," answered Mr. Clay, with a promptitude that surprised even himself. "The dickens!" he muttered, when the conductor had departed. "Why didn't Evans tell me that doctors are called up in the middle of the night on sleeping cars just the same as anywhere else? I'd have let him keep his pass and paid my fare if I'd known. There's nothing to do, though, but go and see the man. If he's really sick enough to need a doctor I'm sorry for him."

Mr. Clay, having dressed hastily, made his way into the next car, and was conducted to the patient. With commendable gravity he felt of the man's pulse, placed his hand on his chest, and counted the respirations and then asked to see his tongue. This done, he stood for a moment gazing contemplatively upon the luckless patient. The bystanders thought he was pondering deeply; he was really wondering what he should do next. Then—it came like an inspiration; he had seen Dr. Evans do it one time—he lifted the patient's hand and studied his finger-nails in a meditative manner.

"Have you some whiskey?" he asked, turning to the conductor.

"Yes, sir; I can get some," was the answer.

"Very good! Give him two teaspoonfuls in half a glass of water, and repeat the dose at the end of an hour. I haven't my medicine-case with me, unfortunately, and can't prescribe just as I'd like to. But the whiskey will act as a——"

What sort of an actor the whiskey would prove he evidently regarded as of no great importance to his listeners, for he broke off, and remarked that he was sorry he hadn't his thermometer with him; he would like to take the patient's temperature. He evidently had some fever. "But give him the whiskey as directed," he concluded, with brisk decisiveness, "and if there should be a change for the worst let me know."

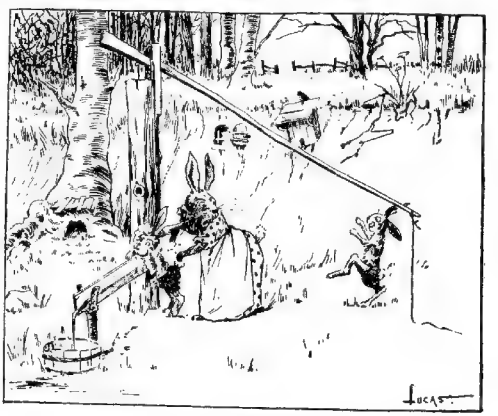
Back in the privacy of his berth once more Mr. Clay smiled broadly, and then signed deeply. "Poor fellow," he thought. "I hope it's nothing serious."

"Doctor!" called a voice, just as he was dozing off. "The man seems to be getting worse. I guess you'd better take another look at him."

"All right," answered Mr. Clay, cheerfully, but groaning inwardly. "I wish," he muttered, "that confounded old pass had been taken up and cancelled before it ever fell into my hands! What the deuce am I to do, anyway? The man may die for lack of a little medical skill. But I can't confess that I'm no doctor; I've got to bluff it out."

"There's another doctor in the forward car, sir," said the conductor as Mr. Clay appeared. "The patient's friends are getting kind o' nervous, and thought perhaps you'd like to consult with him. I'll rout him out if you think best."

"Very well, if the patient's friends desire it," answered Mr. Clay, both relieved and annoyed. "That doctor will see through me in about thirty seconds," he reflected, gloomily. "I wonder if it would kill a man to jump off the train; it's going pretty fast."



QUITE DANGEROUS.

Bunny, Jr.—Mamma, ain't you afraid my cotton tail will shrink?

But Mr. Clay did nothing so rash as that. He was gazing calmly at the patient when the consulting doctor arrived. "This is Dr. Evans, Dr. Brown," said the conductor, guiltless of intentional falsehood.

The two professional men bowed gravely to each other. Dr. Brown had brought a small medicine-case with him, which he set down in the aisle. "Well, Dr. Evans, what are the symptoms?" he asked.

"Just take a look at him and see what you think, Dr. Brown," replied Mr. Clay, with admirable self-possession.

Dr. Brown drew a fever thermometer from his pocket, shook the fluid down with a quick professional jerk, and inserted the end under the patient's tongue. Then he felt his pulse, and Mr. Clay noted with envy that he did not look at his watch, as he himself had done. Mr. Clay recalled that Dr. Evans seldom looked at his watch while counting a patient's pulse.

"What has been done for the relief of the patient, Dr. Evans?" asked the consulting physician, as he withdrew the thermometer and silently studied the temperature registered.

Mr. Clay told him. Doctors had disagreed before and they might as well do so again, reflected the unhappy Clay. Besides, there was nothing to do but tell him.

Dr. Brown made no comment for a moment. Presently, to Mr. Clay's relief and astonishment, he said: "Well, I think you did the right thing. I should advise continuing the treatment through the night, and if the patient has not improved by morning we can decide upon further treatment."

The next morning the patient was reported much better, and Mr. Clay's heart overflowed with gratitude. As he left the train he met Dr. Brown. They passed through the station together, and as they were about to part on the street, Mr. Clay said with a confidential smile:

"Between you and me, doctor, I'm not a physician at all. I couldn't tell the conductor, though, because I am travelling on a physician's pass."

Dr. Brown's lips twitched and he held out a cordial hand. "I brought along this medicine-case," he said, "just as a bit of a bluff. I'm no more of a physician than you are, but I'm travelling on Dr. Brown's pass!"

Elegy Written In a Country Golf Links.

Beneath these rugged elms, that maple's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a
Moldering heap,
Each in his last, eternal bunker laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet
sleep.

Oft to the harvest did their sickle yield.
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe
has broke—
Ah, but they had no mashies then to
wield,
They never learned to use the Vardon
stroke.

The poor old souls, they only lived to
toil,
To sow and reap and die, at last, obscure;
They never—with their niblicks tore the
soil—
How sad the golfless annals of the
poor!

The pomp of power may once have
thrilled the souls
Of unenlightened men—to-day it sinks
Beneath the saving grace of eighteen
holes!
The paths of glory lead but to the
links.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart that would have quickened to the game;
Hand that the lovely baffy might have
swayed,
To Colonel Bogie's everlasting shame.

Full many a hole was passed by them
unseen,
Because no fluttering flag was hoisted
there;
Full many a smooth and sacred putting
green
They tore up with the plough and
didn't care.

Some village Taylor who, with dauntless
breast,
Could wang the flail or swing the
heavy maul;
Some mute, inglorious Travis here may
rest,
Some Harriman who never lost a ball.

Far from the eager foursome's noble
strife
They leveled bunkers and they piled
the hay,
Content to go uncaddied all through life.
And never were two up with one to
play.

No further seek their hardships to disclose,
Nor stand in wonder at their lack of
worth;
Here in these bunkers let their dust repose—
They didn't know St. Andrews was on
earth!

How to Develop Personal Power.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox in "Success."

THE first thing for a human being to realize is the fact that we are, each and all of us, threefold in our organization, physical, mental and spiritual. No matter how liberal or broad our education may be, or how far from orthodox our belief, we must be conscious that some force greater than the brain of man conceived and executed this wonderful scheme of the universe.

Whatever this force was and is, we are a part of it, and from it we can obtain wonderful power and strength if we hold ourselves receptive to its influences. However occupied a young man or woman may be, each, if reared under civilized conditions, finds time for a daily bath. All feel it a necessity for the health of the body. Just as necessary for the health of the mind is what I would term a spiritual bath—a few minutes of time given each day to relaxation and calm meditation, an undressing of the mind, so to speak, of all material cares and ambitions, a breathing in of spiritual force, and an immersion of the whole being in the electric currents which flow from space about us.

He or she who desires to obtain personal power of the highest and most enduring nature must take these few moments, at least daily, believing that the best and purest strength from the very Source of all power is being bestowed.

After the routine of the day is entered upon, a careful watch upon the emotions and desires, to see that they do not encroach upon the rights of others, is another step toward the goal. The power which develops into tyranny and oppression is never a safe power to cultivate. It is sure to resolve itself, eventually, into a boomerang, and to destroy the usefulness of the mind which seeks it.

A man who pursues what he believes to be merely his own personal good has a lonely and hard path before him. A man who seeks the universal good of all humanity has the unconscious assistance of the whole universe. This fact may not be patent to him at the outset, but it will manifest itself as he proceeds. He who wastes time and vitality in feelings of hatred, revenge and retaliation can never attain to power. Nothing is more destructive than hatred. It vitiates all the constructive forces of the mind. No more foolish and paradoxical phrase was ever formed than one we often hear uttered by the unthinking :—"I am strong in my loves and my hates." He who loves greatly cannot hate, any more than the sunlight can freeze one being while it warms another. There is a selfish passion, often misnamed love, which exists in the same heart with hate. But it is not love. Love is the greatest of all means for developing personal power. Would you have your influence felt by all whom you approach ? Then cultivate a sympathy for every created being, and look for the lovable quality in each human being. It exists—search and you shall find. Avoid dwelling upon the disagreeable and unpleasant traits of humanity, or the gloomy and unfortunate phases of human existence. All such things are detrimental to the development of your best powers. They are material, and lead to inertia of the mental faculties. When you are compelled to encounter vice and misfortune, give them pity and sympathy, and do what you can to aid and uplift, but do not let your mind dwell despondently upon them. As the book says, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think of these." This is one of the sweetest methods of developing personal power, for thoughts are magnets, and attract their own kind.

I hold it true that thoughts are things
Endowed with being, breath and wings,
And that we send them forth to fill
The world with good results or ill.

However indisposed you may be, picture yourself strong and virile ; however poor, think of yourself as opulent; however lonely, imagine yourself surrounded by loving friends, and, as you think, so shall you be. All such thoughts develop the power to bring desired results.

Professor Elmer Gates of Washington, speaking of his experiments at the Smithsonian Institution, says:—"I have discovered that sad and unpleasant feelings create harmful chemical products in the body, which are physically injurious. Good, pleasant, cheerful and benevolent thoughts create products which are physically beneficial. The products may be detected by chemical analysis in the perspiration and secretions of the individual. For each bad emotion there is a corresponding chemical change in the tissues of the body, which is depressing and poisonous, while every good emotion makes a like promoting change. Every thought which goes into the mind is registered in the brain by a change in its cells. The change is a physical one, and more or less permanent."

Remember this, you who seek to develop power of body and mind. When you set forth in the world to carve out a career, do not be forever consulting your friends and leaning on them for advice about your course of action. There are great issues in life, turning-points, where most of us feel the need of counsel, but such occasions do not present themselves every day. In the smaller matters pertaining to conduct and business, learn to decide for yourself. Of course, I am addressing the noble-minded and ambitious, not the idle and vicious. Cultivate conscience and self-respect, aspiration, and ambition to be and do your best. Then go ahead on your own basis, and in your own manner.

If you form a habit of continually consulting other minds for guidance, you weaken your own judgment. If you depend upon yourself, and appeal only to the highest powers of the universe for strength, you fortify the best qualities within you, and educate your own nature for self-government. Not only avoid asking advice, but avoid taking too much of it. It will be impossible for you to follow all the suggestions your friends and acquaintances offer. Nothing is easier to give than advice. No two brains are constructed in exactly the same manner, and no two minds regard life from exactly the same standpoint. One person tells a youth to sacrifice everything for an education, to go through college at any cost of time labor and pleasure. Another advises him to be satisfied with a common-school education, and to turn his attention to business early. One urges you to read widely, to avoid society, and to have no intimate friends but books. Another says, seek the companionship of people, study mankind, make yourself popular, and achieve success through influence. If you obey the first, a dozen friends differ in the books they suggest for your training ; if you yield to the latter, as many varying counsels are given regarding the kind of people whose acquaintance you should try to cultivate.

It is sheer madness even to attempt to follow all the counsels of all our best friends. It would require twenty lives. We must decide things for ourselves. "Seek first the kingdom of heaven," which means, seek the highest impulses of your own nature, the God within you, and the power to decide wisely shall be given you. Once having decided, steel yourself to criticism. Whatever course you choose, some of your friends will decry and bemoan your decision. Content yourself with the thought that, while they are your good friends, and mean well, they cannot live your life for you, and therefore you must live it for yourself, and in your own way. Like a locomotive, you must follow your own headlight.

There is nothing which more strongly aids the development of our powers than standing firm and unswerving through a storm of criticism when we know we have chosen the right pathway, and that our motive is a worthy one, however questionable the course may seem to observers. It is impossible to pass through such an experience without keen suffering until we rise to heights of spiritual serenity, which few of us attain in youth, but suffering is another source of development.

The best powers of mind and spirit cannot be attained if we neglect or misuse the body. The body is the casket in which the spirit and the mind are kept through one sphere of life, and it should be made worthy of them. Every organ should be exercised, every normal appetite reasonably fed, if we expect to reach the best we are capable of being and doing. To be wholesome and attractive to the beauty-loving eye of the world is a commendable desire, and one which is perfectly consistent with the higher ideals of life. A subtle power comes with the consciousness of an attractive personality clothed in becoming and tasteful garments. For one who seeks to be his best self, suitable dressing for the body is as necessary as cleanliness.

Never should the truth be lost sight of that it is the spirit within which makes the real power of a man, and only in recognizing this fact, and in constantly asserting it, can the highest development of personal power be attained, and the true life accomplished.

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...ash in your boil... ...the clothes, cut the dirt and grease, and save rubbing. It will not fade or rot the clothes.

When meat is tough rub with vinegar, then put to cook early and cook slowly, and thus save yourself the worry of tough meat and hot fires.

Dry flour rubbed on a carpet and allowed to remain on for some hours will absorb grease and oil, if any has been spilled by accident.

Old brass may be cleaned to look like new by pouring strong ammonia on it, scrubbing with a scrubbing brush, and then rinsing in clear water.

To remove panes of glass, lay soft soap over the putty which fixes them, and after a few hours the hardest putty will be softened.

A small dish of charcoal placed in a refrigerator will greatly help in keeping it sweet and in absorbing the odors of the different foods in it.

The air in a damp cellar may be rendered drier and purer by placing in it an open box containing fresh lime. This will absorb the moisture, and must be renewed from time to time.

To remove bloodstains, make a paste of powdered starch and cold water. Lay it on the stains, and when perfectly dry brush off. The process may be repeated if the first application is not effectual.

To mend china, mix together equal parts of fine glue, white of egg and white lead, and with it paint the edges of the article to be mended. Press them together, and when hard and dry scrape off as much of the cement as sticks above the joint.

Clean windows with a soft rag wet in coal oil, then polish with a clean white cloth free from lint, or, better still, rub the glass with a rag that has been wrung partly dry, and then apply to the damp glass some prepared chalk, and finish with a clean, dry cloth. You will have a bright, clean glass window.

Selected Reading for Leisure Moments

Information and Entertainment for the Quiet Hour.

THE decision that upon the death of Mrs. Gladstone her remains should rest beside those of her famous husband in Westminster Abbey, the place of interment of England's gre[illegible]s for ages past, creat- [illegible] the three [illegible]

sligh[illegible]

Mr. Gladst[illegible]

ert Rich, she died on the 13th and was buried on the 20th of October, 1773, aged eighty-one. She was the seventh daughter and co-heiress of Edward Griffith, one of the clerks of the Board of Green Cloth, by Elizabeth, daughter of Dr. Thomas Laurence, First Physician to Queen Anne. Her husband, who died some five years before, was fourth Baronet of London, and Field Marshal. Her sister Anne married William Stanhope, first Earl of Harrington. She died at her house, Cleveland Row, St. James', Westminster.

In the chapels radiating round the high altar lies many a royal and courtly lady—not to mention more particularly Mary and Elizabeth, Queens of Ergland, and Mary Queen of Scots. Here you find Eleanor of Castile, surnamed the Faithful, who even accompanied her husband upon one of his perilous crusades, tenderly nursing him back to life after a treacherous blow he received from an assassin. The last of the twelve crosses erected to her memory between Lincolnshire and London indicates the King's affection for her, for Charing Cross is a corruption of chere reine, as he always called her. Philippa of Hainault, whose affection for Edward III. dated from the time when they were each only about fifteen, was, like Eleanor, always ready for a campaign. She it was who, at the siege of Calais, begged for the lives of the chief citizens. Her dying request was: "We have, my husband, enjoyed our long union in happiness, peace and prosperity. When it shall please God to call you hence you will choose no other sepulchre than mine, and you will rest by my side in Westminster Abbey." Her statue of alabaster is quite in keeping with the stories of her beauty—indeed, when the Black Prince was a boy in arms, she was a frequent model for the Virgin and Child. The monument in the Confessor's Chapel to Anne of Bohemia, patron of the Wicliffites, fittingly represents her lying at the side of her husband, Richard II., with her hand clasped in his.

Among the women in such vaults as those of the Cecils and the Percys, the first place must be given to Mildred, the wife, and Anne, the daughter of Lord Burleigh, favorite Minister of Queen Elizabeth and the direct ancestor of the present Prime Minister. Near at hand is the old Duchess of Newcastle, who, though her contemporaries regarded her as something of a blue-stocking, deserves well of posterity for having floated the "Percy Reliques" into the world. Addison makes the inscription on the monument to her and her husband—"A noble family, for all the brothers were valiant and all the sisters virtuous"—the text for a paper in The Spectator on the chief characteristics of men and women.

Yet the Abbey has also offered a resting place to such simple maidens as Elizabeth Russell, maid of honor to Queen Bess, and known as the "child of Westminster," for she was born in the deanery, christened in the Abbey and spent the twenty years of her life practically under its shadow. Her monument is curious, for she is sitting in an osier chair pointing to the skull on which her right foot rests. Cromwell's favorite daughter, Elizabeth, was buried in the Abbey, also Grace Gethin, a very pious young lady with a great preference for sermons!

But the monument which always leaves the greatest impression upon the casual visitor is that in St. Andrew's Chapel to Lady Elizabeth Nightingale, sister of the Countess of Huntingdon (the friend of Wesley and Whitefield), where death is represented emerging from a tomb, while the husband is trying to ward off his gruesome dart from the young wife reclining in his arms.

Why Dame Mary Steele—"my dearest Prue"—as her husband, Richard Steele, always called her—came to be buried in the Abbey, and among the poets, too, it is difficult to fathom, especially as her husband was not laid by her side when, eleven years later, in 1729, he also died. Not far off lies old Mrs. Garrick, who was not placed, wrapped in her wedding-sheets, beside her husband, David Garrick, till 1822; that is, forty-three years after her husband's death, when she was "a little, bowed-down old woman who went about leaning on a gold-headed cane, dressed in deep widow's mourning, and always talking of her dear Davy." The play, "David Garrick," is founded upon the romance of this devoted couple, for they fell madly in love with each other when she was Eva Maria Violette, dancing under the patronage of the Countess of Burlington. The legend goes that, in deference to the wish of the Countess that he should let the young lady go heart-free again, he assumed drunkenness to shock her feelings. These two are not the only actors and actresses buried in the Abbey.

Among the noblest of the illustrious women buried in the Abbey was Lady Augusta Stanley, who died in 1876. Descended from Robert Bruce, and the daughter of his second wife of Lord Elgin, of Elgin marbles fame, Lady Augusta was a great friend of the Queen, whose maid of honor she had been. For twelve years she was as an angel of light, not only in the deanery to Dr. Stanley and visitors from all parts of the world, but also to the poor of Westminster. It was by the specially expressed wish of the Queen that she was laid to rest in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, whither her body was conducted by Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, Carlyle, Robert Browning, the Duke of Argyll, and several Nonconformist divines, while the Queen herself, accompanied by Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice, looked on from the "Abbot's Pew."

Perhaps the most notable example the Abbey affords of the happy marriage of two persons and two causes was that of Henry VII. with Elizabeth of York, thus concluding the civil wars by joining the red and white roses. It was at their coronation that the anthem was sung which, both in words and music, would seem to be the direct lineal ancestor to our national anthem:

"God save King Henrye wheresoe'er he bee,
And for Queene Elizabeth now pray wee
And for all her noble progenye," etc.

She is said to have been the last Queen who used as residence the Tower of London, where her child was born a week before her death. From thence she was brought to the Abbey, and six years later we find husband and wife together again beneath the tomb in the beautiful chapel which the King erected, and which serves as her monument as well as his own. Here also lies his mother, Margaret Beaufort, whose effigy fitly portrays the refinement and noble character of this venerable old lady, patron of Caxton and printing, to whose worth it is no slight testimony to say that she was devotedly loved by the Queen, her daughter-in-law.

In sad contrast to the marriages of these Queens is that of Anne of Cleves, the consort of Henry VIII. Owing possibly to her friendship with Queen Mary her remains were brought to the Abbey, where they lie to the right of the high altar at the feet of King Sebert, under a bench-like tomb. In allusion to this Fuller says: "Not one of Henry's wives, excepting Anne of Cleves, had a monument, and hers was but half a one." As it happens, however, Catherine Parr has since had a beautiful recumbent effigy of herself placed over her body in the chapel of Sudeley Castle, the lord of which became her second husband.

Caroline of Anspach, though she preceded her husband, George II., by twenty years, was at length reunited with him, for their ashes actually intermingle in one sarcophagus in Henry the Seventh's chapel. Besides having a place among the immortals in the Abbey, she is immortalized elsewhere in fiction, for she was the sympathetic recipient of Jeanie Deans' sad tale in "The Heart of Midlothian." And it was for her funeral that Handel composed the anthem: "When the ear heard her, then it blessed her."

Here, too, are buried the Countess of Lennox, niece of Henry VIII., after a life of straitened means; and Augusta, mother of George III.; and Queen Anne, with her eighteen children; and the infants of James I. (one of them under a tomb representing a tiny cradle) and of James II. and of Charles II.; also the unfortunate Lady Arabella Stuart, whose close succession to the throne subjecting her to a constant system of espionage, her secret marriage to Sir William Seymour (twelve years her junior), its discovery, their separate imprisonment, his escape to France, and her languishing in the tower till her mind became unhinged, and her burial by night in the Abbey—all this surely constitutes one of the most pathetic romances that royalty affords..

Externally or Internally, it is Good. – When applied externally by brisk rubbing, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil opens the pores and penetrates the tissue as few liniments do, touching the seat of the trouble and immediately affording relief. Administered internally, it will still the irritation in the throat which induces coughing and will cure affections of the bronchial tubes and respiratory organs. Try it and be convinced.

A Rose and a Widow.

(By Robert Emlow, in The Broadway.)

The door opened and a scared elderly face fronted him.

"I'm so glad you've come, doctor!" Mrs. Topham was in evident distress. Young Doctor Lorin drew her aside for a moment.

"Have you any idea," he asked, "what can have caused this sudden indisposition?"

"None at all. We had a dinner party this evening, to which, you remember, you could not come. After the guests had gone, Celia and I were sitting alone in the drawing-room, when she was suddenly taken ill."

"Pray, let me see her," said Lorin, and he walked quickly up the stairs.

Lorin entered the room with a curious feeling of uncertainty to which he was wholly unaccustomed. It could hardly be because he had an intense admiration for Mrs. Waring. That, he considered, should have had precisely the opposite effect.

The lady was seated on a couch, in an attitude of great despondency. One arm hung limp; the other hand lay, nerveless, in her lap. Her head was bent, a rose had fallen from her hair and lay near her feet. When the door closed, she looked up, and her eyes met the doctor's.

"This is very distressing news," he said, taking a seat beside her. "But I trust that it's nothing serious; indeed, I feel confident that it isn't."

His alert eyes kept watch upon the lady; he could discover no outward symptoms, nothing suspicious. Mrs. Waring's color was perfectly healthy, her breathing regular, and certainly she was a beautiful woman. Of that fact the doctor was acutely conscious as he gazed at her.

"Doctor," she said, "I'm afraid I'm going to die."

"My dear lady! Why say such a thing? Don't, for heaven's sake, get such an idea as that into your head! It isn't fair to me, professionally; you handicap me."

"It's best to speak the truth, isn't it?"

"Certainly, when you know it to be the truth. But this is mere conjecture."

Mrs. Waring shook her head.

Lorin proceeded to ask questions and make the usual examinations. He was completely nonplussed. So far as he could discover, Mrs. Waring was as healthy, even more healthy, than he had supposed her to be. So fine a constitution filled him with admiration and amazement. Yet he knew that sometimes people had most singular premonitions, and the knowledge made him nervous and perhaps indiscreet.

"To be quite candid," he said, "I can find nothing whatever the matter with you, Mrs. Waring."

She sighed. "Then I suppose I must call in Dr. Redman from Madison avenue."

"You mean, I suppose, that you think it bad form on my part to tell you that you're quite well?"

(Continued on page 30)

A Syringe

Such as physicians use is now offered direct. It consists of two nickel cylinders, with air pumps between to create compressed air in one cylinder and vacuum suction in other. Open valve and compressed air forces liquid from one cylinder in six streams through top of nozzle. The vacuum sucks it back to other cylinder. All done without a drop of leakage. This is the only effective syringe—the only one that any woman will use when its value is known. Send today for our booklet. Sent in plain sealed wrapper, free on request.

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SAVORY DISHES FROM CHEESE

Mrs. Lincoln in the Kitchen Magazine.

CHEESE fritters is a dish which I evolved from some remnants recently. It proved to be very light and delicious. Put into a double boiler about one cup of cold boiled rice and let it heat until soft enough to break up evenly. (This rice was cooked the day before, one cup of it in three and one-half cups of boiling milk, salted when tender, and part of it served hot as a vegetable with butter.) When the rice was soft, two tablespoons of cream were added, because I had no other use for that remnant, but milk would answer. One well-beaten egg was then stirred in and perhaps half a cup of grated Swiss cheese. This was the rinds, which were too hard for any way of serving except grated. After mixing the whole thoroughly, a small portion was dropped into hot butter and browned, but as it spread in cooking and could not be turned over without breaking, one tablespoon of flour was added and one teaspoon of baking powder. This made them just right, and they were dropped from a small tablespoon into the hot butter, in shape something like oysters and turned when brown, adding a bit of butter to each before turning, that that side might have a good browning. They were tender, light, and with a delicious flavor of the cheese. Another time some dry sage cheese was used, and again when there was no cream and a trifle more rice two eggs were used, and made the fritters very puffy and delicate. They appear at our table frequently, and have never been made by an exact formula. The amount of cheese is varied according to its pungency, and by being careful not to have them too stiff with flour, and using butter in moderation, they have been delicate and free from grease.

Cheese Sandwiches—Into one cup of thick whipped cream stir sufficient grated cheese of any preferred variety to make a stiff paste. Have ready some very thinly sliced tender celery and salt it slightly. Cut the bread in thin slices without crust and spread them with the cheese paste, then lay on half of them a sprinkling of the celery, cover with another slice, and serve at once.

Cheese Puffs—Beat the whites of two eggs till stiff and dry, add one cup of rich uncolored creamy cheese finely grated, season with a dash of cayenne and a few drops of horseradish vinegar, then stir in some fine sifted, soft bread crumbs merely to hold the eggs and cheese together. Make into small balls and cook quickly in deep, smoking hot fat. Drain, and serve hot.

Cheese Cake—This is really a pie, for it is baked in a dish lined with rich pastry. Rub one rounded tablespoon of butter till creamy, then stir into it one half cup of powdered sugar and beat till very light. Beat the yolks of four eggs till thick and lemon color, then add them to the butter mixture, and beat again. Add the juice and grated rind of one lemon and two rounded tablespoons of flour mixed with one-half teaspoon of mace and a speck of salt. Mix very thoroughly; then press through a potato ricer one pound of fresh cottage cheese. Lightly blend it with the other ingredients, then fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Turn it into the dish and bake in a quick oven. The same mixture may be baked in small patty pans if preferred. If the cheese is dry, moisten it slightly with sweet cream.

USE THE CRUMBS.

Bread crumbs are needed in every household where fish or cutlets are egged, breaded and fried, or where stuffing is used for meat or poultry. As it requires a little time to prepare crumbs properly, and as, when once ready, they will keep for some time, it is an economy of both time and trouble to keep a store of crumbs on hand. Take any pieces of bread and dry them thoroughly in a cool oven, but do not allow them to acquire color. Crush them finely with a rolling pin, pass them through a fine sieve, and put them away into a tin canister or a dry bottle.

Brown Crumbs for Game.

Put some crusts into the oven, and when brown crush them with a rolling pin. Grease a baking tin lightly with butter, and make it hot. Shake the crumbs upon it, and set it in the oven till the crumbs are hot, when they are ready to serve.

Bread Raspings With Milk.

It has been said that this preparation is valuable in cases of diarrhoea. Dry stale bread in the oven till dry and lightly browned. Crush it roughly with a rolling pin, put the crumbs in a bowl, and pour over them cold milk, which has been beaten up with the white of an egg, and, if permitted, a tablespoonful of brandy.

Bread sauce for poultry may also be made of stale bread.

Fried Bread for Vegetables.

Cut some bread, which, though stale, is still light and soft, into fingers half an inch thick; dip them in milk and let them drain for a while. Brush them over with white of egg; dredge a little flour over them, and fry them in a little hot butter in a frying pan. Pile them, pyramid fashion, in a hot dish and serve with gravy.

Rusks for Cheese.

Break the bread into small rough pieces; dip each one quickly in and out of cold milk; put them upon a perfectly clean baking tin and bake in a hot oven. In a few minutes they will be crisp, when they must be taken out, allowed to grow cold, and put away in a tin canister to be used when required.

German Stew.

Remove the fat from two and one-half pounds of chuck steak, and cut in two-inch pieces. Cut a large onion and a carrot in thin slices. Mix one-fourth a cup of bread crumbs, one-fourth a cup of pearl tapioca, three-fourths a tablespoonful of salt, five cloves, one-eighth a nutmeg grated, one can of peas, drained from their liquor, and one-fourth a teaspoonful of pepper. Arrange the meat, sliced vegetables, and last-named mixture in layers, in an earthenware crock (casserole), pour over half a can of tomatoes, and add enough water to cover all. Then cook five hours in a slow oven, keeping covered during cooking.

Italian Macaroni.

Break one cup of macaroni in inch pieces, and cook in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and rinse in cold water, to prevent pieces adhering. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter. Add two tablespoonfuls of flour, and pour on gradually one cup and a half of milk. Let cook six or seven minutes. Add half a cup of grated cheese and the macaroni, lift the macaroni with a fork, and add a little fine chopped ham and salt, if needed. Reheat over hot water.

German Potato Salad.

Cut cold boiled potatoes in thin slices. Cover the bottom of a baking-dish with slices of potato, sprinkle with pepper, salt, and fine-chopped celery, and sprinkle the celery with fine-chopped parsley. Heat two tablespoonfuls, each, of cider and tarragon vinegar, four tablespoonfuls of oil, and a thick slice of lemon to the boiling-point, and pour over the vegetables; cover, and let stand in the oven until warmed through.

Chestnut Puree and Cream.

Cook shelled and blanched chestnuts in milk until tender; mash the chestnuts or pound them in a mortar, season with salt, sweeten to taste, and flavor with maraschino or vanilla. Pass through a potato ricer around a centre of cream, sweetened and flavored with maraschino and whipped. Garnish with chestnuts cooked in syrup.

Devil's Food Cake.

Melt one-fourth a pound of chocolate, and add half a cup of sugar and half a cup of milk, gradually. Then add the beaten yolk of an egg, and cook over hot water until the mixture thickens. Remove from the fire, and cool. Cream one-fourth a cup of butter, and add gradually half a cup of sugar, then one-fourth a cup of sour milk, one egg well beaten, and one cup of flour, mixed and sifted with half a teaspoonful of soda. When well beaten, add the first mixture, and flavor with half a teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Bake in layers. Put raisin filling between, and frost the top.

Raisin Filling.

Boil half a cup of sugar and one-fourth a cup of water until it threads. Pour the syrup in a fine stream onto the white of an egg, beaten until foamy, beating constantly meanwhile, then beat occasionally until of the right consistency to spread. Reserve one-half for the top layer. To the other half add three fourths a cup of raisins, seeded and cut in pieces.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator does not require the help of any purgative medicine to complete the cure. Give it a trial and be convinced.

THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER
FOR RAISING ALL KINDS OF
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In making Bread with this powder no fermentation takes place and thus neither acid nor alcohol is formed thereby producing SWEETER, LIGHTER, and WHITER BREAD than by any other PROCESS.
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Physical Culture in Japan.

Health Hints — The Peculiarities of Sleep.

JAPANESE girls are generally diminutive and frail, but healthy in appearance. They are very wiry and long lived. In Japan women live longer than men, according to statistics. Every year after the census is taken, the Emperor gives a present of a wine dish or "Sako" cup to the persons who pass the age of eighty years, and it is a curious fact that few men reach the age of eighty, while a great many women live for a long while after they have reached their eightieth year.

Why do Japanese women enjoy such health and live to such a great age in spite of their slight physique? It will be interesting to become acquainted with the reason. To begin with, her costume is a healthy, free, light and suitable one. She does not know what it is to be squeezed up in tight corsets. Her supple form has never been known to be incased in girdle straps, tight waists, etc. Her dress is light and open. The fresh, pure air of health finds its way to the wearer's skin. The human body is known to throw out from the pores of the skin constant exhalations. Clothing which admits of a constant passage of fresh air is scientifically and practically the best, and the greatest assistant to real health. Tight sleeves, waists and corsets never have been and never will be an aid to a girl's health.

It is undoubtedly the costumes worn by Japanese women that are the cause of their splendid longevity. Their little wooden shoes so easy to slip on and off also admit of constant fresh air. And it is interesting to notice that the feet of these girls are of a natural shape. In Japan there are no crooked, deformed feet and weak ankles.

The Japanese girl has no club or gymnasium, or anything of that kind. She practices in her own room or back garden, in the bright sunshine, among cherry blossoms and chrysanthemum bushes, attended only by a maid. She has a ball made of compressed cotton, the outside of which she decorates with cotton and silk threads of many colors, according to her fancy, which she bounces up and down, first with one hand and then with another for hours at a time.

Another favorite pastime is shuttle-cock. This is the shuttle-cock and battle-dore game of the northern part of England. The little Lancashire girls are the most famously-pretty girls in all England. The shuttle-cock is made of a fruit stone resembling a plum stone, and in it are stuck three or four feathers. The battle-dore is of thin wood and pan-shaped. With it they bang and beat the shuttle-cock far and high up into the air, and, leaping after it, they strike it again and again. Now it is needless to say that this game, in addition to providing endless sport and fun, exercises a marvellous effect upon the carriage of the head, shape of neck, strength of chest and lungs, and the spinal column.

The sole attention of the player is concentrated on the sport of the game, but every muscle of the body is unconsciously brought into play. Japanese girls in a group will spend hours and hours at what they suppose to be sport, but what really is an essential and necessary physical culture and exercise, skilfully and temptingly disguised as sport and fun.

School-room exercises are forced and monotonous, and offer no amusement under the teacher's watchful eyes. But exercises of a scientific character that absorb the freedom of a back garden and boon companions, disguised as sport and pastime, are inestimably beneficial.

Another physical culture diversion is the fan-throwing game. The girls have a table standing two or three feet in height, upon which they place a fan open, at each end of which is hung a small silver bell. The girls stand as far away as ten feet, sometimes more, and hold an open fan against the chest, and then, with a swift movement, stretching the right arm straight out from the shoulder, throw it gracefully at the target on the table. The object of this practice is to develop and bring forward to correctness the muscles and sinews in the right arm and shoulder joint.

There are two kinds of dancing for the Japanese girl, i.e., the stage dance and the parlor dance. The Japanese dances do not require dresses and skirts of lace, such as are worn by the American dancer. The dress is not used at all in the Japanese dancing, nothing but the long, hanging sleeve, which, decorated with embroidered or dyed designs artistically, is used. This is the reason that the body of the dancer is swayed to the music gracefully backward and forward, and the entire system of the muscles works together in the performance.

This dance requires strength and power of endurance, and the girl who performs it must certainly have a splendid physique. It is generally given at a party, but is practiced by girls constantly. One girl plays and sings on the "Samisen," (a musical instrument resembling a guitar) and the dancer enters. She wears wooden shoes that look like stilts. It is wonderful how she manages to walk on them, much less dance. In each hand she holds a fan, and a very long piece of white cotton muslin about five yards in length. The young girl with the music plays and sings of the willow-tree, which sways in the wind of the storm. The dancer fixes the sheet, and sways and shakes it gracefully until it represents a willow tree moving in the wind. Then she sings a soft and low tone of "Fujiyama," dreary and forlorn in her mountain of snow. With a graceful and artistic movement, the dancer moves and waves the sheet as she shows the famous mountain as it appears in reality. Then the lady sings of the rippling, blue-green waves of the ocean. Cleverly the dancer wafts the sheet, and shows the seawaves of the soft, smooth ocean on a bright summer day. Then she sings of the lotus, and shows that most beautiful of flowers, pretty and startlingly real. And there she stands while the dance lasts, using only the skill and strength of her little arms and shoulders.

The Japanese girl, without gymnasiums, or mingling in manly sports, thus practices that physical culture which produces the greatest suppleness, and a healthful condition of the body.

Peculiarities of Sleep.

There are few persons who can tell offhand just what positions they assume to invite sleep, and yet there is not an individual in the world who has not some trick of distributing limbs and trunk to ensure slumber's blissful spell which he practises unconsciously. This is a night habit, as perpetual and immutable under normal conditions as the succession of the seasons. No sooner are we really off to the Land of Nod than the night habit asserts its dominion. Our hands and arms seek the same parts of the bed or the same portions of our bodies upon which they have nightly rested since infancy, our feet and legs stretch at the same angles or loosely entwine in comfortable relaxation, as commanded by unconscious will.

It is seldom of our own deliberate volition that we place our bodies in position for sleep, as you will find tonight on going to bed if you remember these words. In truth, if you do not seek to combat the instincts you will be surprised at the dispositions of the various members involuntarily made. If you endeavor to go to sleep by a new arrangement of the body you will also be surprised by the revolt against slumber which will surely ensue, but even before the struggle is well begun you will probably surrender, and permit the all masterful night habit to reinstate those little details of position which long practice has made necessary to your comfort.

Heat as a Home Remedy.

There is scarcely any simple ailment in which heat may not be advantageous if used understandingly. Bruises and sprains are better treated by heat than by cold. It may be applied as a local bath or as a fomentation.

Colic-pains in infants are quieted by the application of dry heat after the manner of our grandmother, who knew the value of hot flannels and the importance of warm feet and hands. If the heat applied over the abdomen does not still the pain, try it on the spine. This often produces a quieting effect at once.

An incipient peritonitis or pneumonia may be checked by hot applications, accompanied by rest and fasting, or, at least, abstinence from solid food.

For earache or toothache, heat, either moist or dry, will usually give much comfort.

If the child cannot breathe with the mouth shut, heat applied over the nose will be apt to open the nasal passages and give relief.

In headaches a hot foot and hand bath are often beneficial. A hot water bag over the stomach will promote digestion, says London Health, and spinal irritation and sleeplessness are frequently relieved and permanently benefited by applications of heat, and no way of administering is more practical than by the fomentation.

A knowledge of the value of heat is of great value to the mother of "croupy" children.

To Keep Dust From the Hair.

Even if one is merely engaged in dusting an overmantel and polishing the china thereon, one's hair is apt to get extremely dusty, and it is quite impossible to keep it free from dust, unless it can be covered up. The easiest way to do this is to get a yard of ribbon, of any color you choose, and three-quarters of a yard of Indian silk to match. Full the silk on the ribbon in front, and then cross the end of the ribbon under the hair, and tie it over the drapery at the back. This plan will effectively prevent any dust reaching the hair, and will not be heavy enough to disarrange the coiffure. Should an unexpected visitor arrive, it will not by any means be so unbecoming as you might imagine. Only you must not make it too becoming by allowing your fringe to escape in the front, or you will have to pay the penalty. These little dusting caps are very inexpensive to make, and should sell well at a bazaar in the hands of a good saleswoman who knows how to explain what are the advantages of possessing one.

HANDICAPPED.

The man who started to run a race in chains and fetters would be visibly handicapped. No one would expect him to succeed. The man who runs the race of life when his digestive and nutritive organs are diseased is equally handicapped. In the one case his strength is overweighted, in the other it is undermined. Success demands above all else a sound stomach.

Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. When this is done food is perfectly digested and assimilated and the body receives strength in the only way in which strength can be given—by the nutrition derived from digested and assimilated food.

"The praise I would like to give your 'Golden Medical Discovery' I cannot utter in words or describe with pen," writes James B. Ambrose, Esq., of 1205½ Mifflin Street, Huntingdon, Pa. "I was taken with what our physicians here said was indigestion. I doctored with the best around here and found no relief. I wrote to you and you sent me a question blank to fill out, and I did so, and you then advised me to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I took three bottles and I felt so good that I stopped, being cured. I have no symptoms of gastric trouble or indigestion now."

Accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery." There is nothing "just as good."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, sent *free* on receipt of stamps to cover expense of customs and mailing *only*. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or 50 stamps for the cloth-bound volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE evolution of the ideal lemon pie with the crisp, tender undercrust, the tart and creamy center and thick golden-crusted meringue that melts in your mouth, leaving a suggestion of ambrosia in its wake, is not the difficult undertaking that some people imagine In the first place, the shell crust should be made before the filling is put in, pricking it in several places before baking to prevent the air blisters. One of the best fillings is made of one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, the yolks of two eggs, one cupful of boiling water, the juice and grated rind of one lemon and one tablespoonful of cornstarch dissolved in cold water. Stir the cornstarch into the hot water, cook until clear, then add the butter and sugar. When creamy push back on the range, and when nearly cool add the lemon and beaten eggs. Fill the crust and cover with a thick meringue made of the whites of three eggs, beaten very stiff with a wire whip. Add, still beating, three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Spread evenly over the pie and stand in a slow oven until it becomes firm, with a golden bronze glaze: this will require twenty minutes, as a meringue requires slow drying.

Dyspeptics' Bread.

Take about eight pounds of superfine flour, three pints of warm water, one pint of milk, one ounce of compressed yeast, a quarter of a pound of potatoes, peeled, boiled and mashed; a quarter of a pound of finely-ground rice, one ounce of sugar and one ounce of salt. The sugar, salt, rice, potatoes and yeast are all mixed into the warm water and milk; then add the whole of the flour, mix into a tolerably fine dough; place this in a pan about double its own size, cover with a cloth and put in a cool place for proving from six to nine hours. This will probably suit those who will make their dough over night for a morning baking. Then turn it out, dusting with a little flour or ground rice; knock it well together: scale into one-pound or two-pound sizes; place in tins; put aside to prove for about an hour or until well risen. It should be thoroughly well baked, remembering that the better bread is baked the easier it will be to digest. This bread is the result of a special effort to produce a really light bread, retaining all or most of the nutritious properties of the flour and containing no pernicious gases that will distend the stomach.

Boiled Sponge Cake.

Put one scant cupful of granulated sugar in a clean saucepan, add one-third of a cupful of boiling water and stir over the fire until the sugar is dissolved, then boil slowly without stirring until when a spoonful is lifted and poured back the last drops will leave a fine hair-like thread hanging from the spoon. The time required to reach this condition - known to confectioners as "the fine thread" or "hair"—cannot be accurately stated, as it will vary with the depth of the syrup in the saucepan, the rapidity of the boiling and general atmospheric conditions. Pour slowly over the well beaten yolks of four eggs and beat until the mixture is cold, when it should be the consistence of a drop batter and very light and spongy. Whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff, dry froth and sift twice five ounces of pastry flour. To the egg-yolk mixture add the grated rind and one-half of the strained juice of a lemon, then cut in lightly a part of the well-beaten whites. Carefully stir in the flour, then cut in the remainder of the whites. Have ready a shallow pan lined with paper; pour in the batter and bake in a moderate oven. If in a sheet two inches thick about half an hour will be required. This gives a cake which will keep moist for a number of days.

Cheese Pudding.

Cheese which has stood until somewhat dry, then has been grated, can be used in any of the following recipes; failing this fresh cheese may be used, but where quite moist it must be finely chopped or cut with a knife, as it is impossible to grate it.

In a buttered dish put alternative layers of broken soda or zephyr crackers, grated or chopped cheese, salt and pepper. The amount of cheese is proportioned in accordance with the taste of those to whom it is to be served. Over the top layer put one scant spoonful of butter in bits. Pour in cold milk until it can just be seen through the crackers. Place in a sharp oven, covering for the first fifteen minutes and bake until the milk is nearly absorbed and the top is well browned. Where the mixture is about four or five inches deep in the dish this will take from thirty to forty minutes.

This simple dish is suitable for lunch or a hot supper. It may be varied by using stale bread coarsely crumbed in place of the crackers.

Almond Macaroons.

Sift six ounces of powdered sugar; on a board or into a shallow bowl put one-half of a pound of almond paste such as can be purchased in bulk from any dealer in confectioners' supplies. Break it fine with a fork or work it with the hands until it is a crumbly paste and gradually incorporate in it the sugar. Add one at a time the unbeaten whites of three eggs working each in thoroughly before adding the next. It should now be a smooth, soft paste. Have ready some flat pans slightly rubbed with sweet oil or covered with buttered paper. Put a scant half teaspoonful on a small pan, dust with a pinch of sugar and place in a slow oven to bake; it will take about a quarter of an hour. If this "tester" seems all right the paste may be put on the pans using a pastry bag and tube or simply shaping with a teaspoon. As eggs vary in size, some addition may be needed; the paste should be very soft yet hold its shape until placed in the oven, when it will spread somewhat. If the whites have been very large and the paste flattens too much in baking add a half teaspoonful of sugar or a pinch of flour; if the paste is too stiff take a portion of another white. Be careful to keep the macaroons out of a draught until they are thoroughly cool or they will fall. When cool invert the paper and wet it with a brush or cloth dipped in cold water and the macaroons can quickly be detached from it.

Carolina Rice Bread.

Take three well-beaten eggs, add three cupfuls of sweet milk, two cupfuls of white cornmeal, one cupful of cold, boiled rice, two teaspoonfuls of melted butter and one teaspoonful of salt, beat thoroughly and add two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; pour into a well-greased pan and bake in a moderate oven one-half hour. Half this quantity will be sufficient for one meal.

Barton Pudding.

Boil a quart of milk in a pail set in boiling water, add three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch rubbed smooth in cold milk, one-half cupful of sugar and yolks of three eggs, stir until it is of the consistency of starch, and pour into a deep dish; beat the whites of the eggs to a froth and add a cupful of powdered sugar, spread over top of pudding and brown in the oven. To be eaten when ice cold.

Coffee Sponge.

Make a very strong infusion with one-quarter pound ground coffee and pass it through a fine muslin bag, then dissolve three-quarters pound powdered sugar in one pint of thick cream, add to it the yolks of six eggs, then put in the coffee and beat it until it has the consistency of lemon sponge and may be piled up on a dish. A little isinglass may be mixed with the cream if it will not beat stiff enough.

Whole Wheat Beaten Biscuits.

Take one quart of whole wheat flour, three rounded tablespoonfuls of lard and one teaspoonful of salt; mix into a dough with one cupful of water and milk; lay the dough on the moulding board and beat with the rolling-pin until it ceases to be sticky; roll out thin, butter, roll up, beat well again, roll very thin, cut out with a biscuit-cutter, prick each one with a fork and bake a delicate brown in a moderate oven.

Mineral Baking Powder.

Three and one-half tons of baking powder was seized by the Board of Health and officially condemned by the city chemist in New York recently. Later it was destroyed. Part of the powder was found at a department store on Sixth avenue and the rest in a warehouse. The chemist who examined the baking power said that it contained 29 per cent. powdered rock. This is a little too much. Thanks to numerous cooking schools it's easy enough to bake Gatling gun biscuits without making them over one-fourth solid masonry. If people would patronize reliable firms for their baking powder and some responsible quarrymen when they desire to buy marble it would be better for all business (is the pertinent comment of an exchange). The success of such concerns lies in stealth, and you never find them advertising in The Ladies' Journal, because we will accept advertising only from reliable firms.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

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The Prize Winners.

The prize winners in the Young Folks' contest for this month are E. C. Tweddle of Beamsville, Ont., first; Alex. D. Fraser, Scotsburn, Pictou County, N.S., second; Bessie Roye Thompson, Carievale, Assa., N.W.T., third. The correct answers are as follows:—

Procrastination is the Thief of Time, from Young's "Night Thoughts."

The 21st verse of 7th chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet with the exception of "j".

More Picture Puzzles.

The picture puzzles have interested so many of our young readers that this month we give four more, and offer three prizes for the first correct solutions, including a prize for the first correct set of answers sent in by a reader outside the Province of Ontario.

Gentleman (caressing a pretty little girl)—You little beauty; you shall be my wife when you are grown up—will you?

"No, I don't want to get married, but aunty there would like to."

FIND THE OLD SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER

THE FARMER'S WIFE IS CALLING HIM TO DINNER. WHERE IS HE?

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS IS WAITING FOR MARY. WHERE IS MARY?

THE MEXICAN IS LOOKING FOR HIS BURRO. WHERE IS HIS BURRO?

Do Departed Spirits Frequent This Earth?

Some Remarkable Manifestations Vouched for by Journal Readers.

ANYTHING which pertains in any way to the supernatural has a peculiar fascination for mortal minds. Most people dearly love a mystery, the more inexplicable the better. Hence it is that superstitious stories are passed on from one to another, and it may fairly be assumed they do not, like most other things, wear out in the handling, but rather grow bigger and more startling as they get older. Like good wine, they improve with age. The stories submitted to us this month of the weird, the supernatural or the queer are all vouched for by reliable persons, and while no explanation is offered in most cases, two of the most remarkable are accounted for on most natural grounds. Such being the case, is it unreasonable to suppose that all might not be accounted for either as remarkable coincidences or natural phenomena?

A Beautiful Vision.

A friend of mine was very ill, so ill, in fact, that when her little daughter died the friends decided that it would not be wise for her to see the remains before the funeral. She was apprised of the death, however, and brooded over her loss. The next night after the funeral she saw a beautiful vision at the foot of the bed. An angel stood in a soft white radiance, and in her arms reposed the little girl who had been called away. The angel seemed to come forward and hold out her arms, when my friend raised herself in bed and called out, "Come, little one, come!" Then the vision vanished, but it was all so plain and vivid that she never forgot it, and she immediately ceased worrying about the little one she had lost.

Mrs. A. D.

A Startling Vibration.

None of our folks are superstitious, in fact we are prone to ridiculing the supernatural visitations alleged to have been experienced by the credulous, but we were rather startled ourselves one night by a most remarkable tapping on the door panel. At first we thought it was somebody putting up a practical joke, and I rushed to the door and threw it wide open. It was a beautiful, clear, summer night, not a breath of air stirring, and nobody was in sight. I closed the door and the tapping recommenced. I opened the door and it stopped. What could it be? I put my hand on the panel and the noise stopped at once. I removed it and the tapping continued. Then the solution of the noise came to me like a flash. There is a flour mill distant about a quarter of a mile along the river bank, and it was running that night. The noise of the machinery could be distinctly heard, and the noise was no doubt caused by vibration, the still night being particularly favorable for such a natural phenomena.

Chas. R. J.

A Laughing Corpse.

"Lansdowne and I," says Bertram Forrester, "had craved permission to watch beside the remains of our dear friend, Humphrey Willis. The body was wrapped in a winding sheet and placed on a couch. The face was visible. It had been a long illness, and each feature was terribly sharp. We sat by the pale little light in the warm little room, with the face in full view, discussing the virtues of the honest man who was gone, when suddenly Lansdowne pulled my sleeve and with a face ghastly white pointed to the corpse. I followed his glance; the motionless corpse was laughing. A hideous, mocking grin distorted the white features. Instinctively we got on our feet, our hands wet with cold sweat, grasping for one another. Strong men though we were, we fled from the room, tumbling over each other in our haste to reach the door.

"'Guess the heat gave us a bad dream,' said Lansdowne, rubbing his eyes. After much hesitation we plucked up courage to peep into the quiet room again. But we did not advance far. A fresh horror awaited us. The smile had faded, but a terrible expression of pain and wrath distorted the face of the dead man, as if his soul was locked in an unutterable struggle. Was he coming back to life again?

"'We had better call someone,' said my friend, wiping his forehead.

"'Lansdowne,' said I, 'there is an explanation to this. Let's pluck up courage and unravel the mystery.'

"I approached the couch, he following at my heels. The corpse still grinned horribly. I felt the face. I even forced the cold lips apart. There was no mystery. The man's false teeth placed to keep his mouth from sinking, had slipped. They must have slipped very little at first, causing the lines of the mouth to relax into a grin. Then a further drop had caused that sinister expression of pain and wrath."

Irene Burkholder, Hamilton.

A Will o' the Wisp Scare.

A friend of mine had a remarkable experience, which I shall relate in her own words. "Years ago," she says, "when I first began my career as a school teacher, I took a position in the Village of H——, a little hamlet consisting of one store and half a dozen houses. The railway track ran parallel with a nauseous swamp, and at one place spanned it with an iron bridge. I found some of the people ridiculously superstitious. Others, like Mrs. S——, at whose house I lodged, were well educated. One evening in early April—the marsh was overflowing—I donned Mrs. S——'s rubber boots, saying that I would go for the mail. I arrived before the train, and rather injudiciously got into a conversation with old man Peters, the station boss. He never knew when he was through talking, and he was the essence of superstition.

"'It's just three years to-day since poor Job Fletcher got killed on the track,' says he, 'murky kind o' night, and poor Job ware agoin' down the track to fix them lanterns on the bridge. Poor critter, he ware the worse o' liquor, too, and as he ware goin' along, swingin' his lantern, the train, she just come up behind him, whiz, caught him on the cowcatcher and hurled him over the bridge.'

"'How terrible!' I ejaculated.

"'They never found his body,' he continued, 'so of course he ain't buried, and his ghost walks 'round in the marsh an' hollers to be buried. It surely do, Miss,' seeing the look of incredulity on my face, 'and when it comes 'round nigh the time o' his death it walks down the track swingin' a light for all the world like he did.'

"The thundering of the train drowned further conversation. Peters sorted the mail and I picked up the bundle he allotted to me and splashed down the road at a smart trot. My nerves were jangling. How dark it was, and how very still! The train had pulled out, and as I traced its trail of smoke—

"A pale glancing light, but unmistakably a light, seemed to start near the station-house and glide ghost-like down the track to the bridge. It was no common lantern, for at times it flickered high in the air. When it reached the bridge it seemed to tumble off and disappear in the marsh. Shuddering from a nameless fear, I rushed on with my eyes shut, and arrived home breathless and mud-splashed.

"'Have you seen a ghost?' asked Mrs. S——, mildly.

"I related my experience. Mrs. S—— went calmly to the window that overlooked the marsh.

"'So the will-o-the-wisps show to-night, do they?' said she. 'We often see them in the spring of the year.'

"I felt rather small, as my fear diminished and the reasonableness of her words soothed me. But it was a real scare, and ever since I have had a sort of respect for those fiery little creatures, and also an unconquerable repugnance to conversing with old man Peters."

Mabel Burkholder, Hamilton, Ont.

"Was It the Wind?"

"I know not how the truth may be;
I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

She was such an old woman. Time had whitened her hair as the winter snow, but the dark, sunken eyes were yet bright. Husband, child, she had none. For years they had slept in the churchyard, and she lived in a small ivy-wreathed cottage alone. One bright June day I paused at the modest door. She smiled as I entered. "Did I ever tell you about the warning I had before my Dave left me?" she said. "I've been thinking of it this afternoon."

The old voice, with its soft accent, told of birth in a far country. "No," I answered. "Tell me?"

"I was spinning in the upper chamber," she went on. "Merrily whirled the wheel, and as the thread grew beneath my fingers I sang blithely. The song died as the sound of a whisper reached me from the hall below. Not one alone, but many. I heard the rustling of garments, and clear above all the patter of a child's feet. Friends, neighbors, I thought, and called to them, 'Coming, I'm coming.' The subdued sounds crept towards the open door, paused a moment, then went down the stairs and on. I found an empty hall, the street on either side deserted.

"When Dave came in I told him all. 'The wind crying brings old memories, Mary,' he said. And he bade me speak of it to none. That night a terrible storm visited the earth. I lay awake and listened to the war in the air. Twice in the pauses of the tempest I distinctly heard the sound of a spade hollowing out a grave. Then I fell asleep and dreamed I was bowed with woe. Many were near me. I heard a heavy team drive close to the door. As it paused it creaked long, dismay. Then I heard my name called. I was awake now. Again it came. 'Mary!' I started up crying, 'Who wants me?' The answer came, 'None, mother, none.' Years afterwards Dave called me with the same voice as he lay upon his bed dying.

"Do you mind the day he was buried, how a little child walked by its mother's side among the black-robed mourners, and how when the weight of the coffin fell upon the hearse the creak it gave. Surely I had heard a warning from the spirit land."

The tale finished, I stole towards the door. Once I turned. The tears were stealing down the withered cheeks, and her eyes were fixed upon the little churchyard in the distance, with its quiet, happy dead.

Florence Saunders, South Farmington, Annapolis Co., N.S.

A Strage Visitation.

A very dear friend of mine was unable to sleep one night, and lay for a long time with eyes fast, but mind roaming at will. Finally she dosed off, and then she seemed suddenly awakened. At the foot of the bed appeared a face. It startled her, but when she looked again it was gone. She then turned to her husband to awake him and tell him, but she knew he would say she had been dreaming. Then she said to herself, "I must have been asleep." Just then, however, something (it seemed like a heavy weight) fell on her feet and rolled upward until it reached her chest. It seemed to almost suffocate her. Then it passed away and she doubted no more. In the morning she related her experience, but we said she had eaten too much before retiring.

About a fortnight later my friend visited her sister, about fourteen miles distant, and while in conversation discovered that she, too, had seen the face the same night and at nearly the same hour. Shortly after the sister of my friend passed away.

We're not alone. Bright angel guards attend us;
Like breath of flowers they came.
They float around us, call us to look upward
From earth's gloom.
We wonder why the sun shines out so brightly and darkness flies;
Their presence brought a glorious light from heaven
And opened paradise.

Mrs. T. S. Morton, Minesing, Ont.

(Continued on page 25).

EPPS'S COCOA

GRATEFUL COMFORTING

Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavor, Superior Quality, and Highly Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in ½-lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

BREAKFAST SUPPER

EPPS'S COCOA

In the Mothers' Realm.

What Baby Should Eat—Nerves in the Nursery.

The Beginning.

Just a walking,
Just a talking,
  Little butter ball;
Just a yearning
To be learning
  Anything at all.

Just a-peeping
Through the sleeping
  Months of infanthood;
Into wonder,
  Into yonder,
  Life's infinitude.

Just awaking,
Just a-taking
  Everything for truth;
Never dreaming
Of the teeming
  Fallacies of youth.

Just a walking,
Just a talking
  Little butter ball;
Just a yearning
To be learning
  Anything at all.

—George R. Brill.

MILK, supplemented by cereal gruels, should, with exceptional instances, constitute the child's food until the end of the first year. Soft boiled or poached egg mixed with bread crumbs from stale bread may be added to the diet at the beginning of the second year. Egg contains much proteid, fat and mineral matter, especially salts of lime, phosphoric acid and iron. The nuclein of the yolk of egg contains phosphorus and iron in organic combination. As mineral matters are most easily absorbed where they form part of an organic compound, the iron and phosphorus in the yolk of egg easily enter the blood. The fats in the yolk of egg are the same as in butter, and have the same nutritive value as these. Their presence in the form of an emulsion in the yolk makes them very easily digested. The great richness of yolk of egg in fat, in lime salts and in organic compounds of phosphorus and iron makes it a peculiarly valuable food for a young child. The nutritive value of egg is due almost entirely to proteid and fat. Of these there are proteid 14.8 per cent., and fat 10.5 per cent. To begin with, only a small portion of one egg should be given twice a week, gradually increasing the amount until the entire egg, soft boiled, is taken at a feeding.

During this period the child may be allowed a dry crust of stale bread twice a day. A hard crust is highly digestible, and is a good thing for a child as soon as it has the teeth with which to chew it. The labor of the jaws which is involved in eating a piece of hard crust develops the masticatory organs, and especially the jaw-bone. If the jaw is imperfectly developed the teeth are crowded and imperfectly developed, and dental caries is inevitable. Decayed first teeth cause septic conditions of the mouth, and frequently lead to enlargement of the cervical lymphatics, which may become tubercular, and the whole system may thus become infected. Much digestive disturbance is unquestionably due to the same cause.

Disuse of the jaws starves the areas supplied by the maxillary arteries, as these vessels are not fully developed. The mechanical stimulation of chewing leads to the outpouring of a salivary secretion richer in amylolytic power than the secretion coming without stimulation. These several matters should not be overlooked, it seems to me, in the feeding of children, particularly in these days, when it is customary for the medical profession to direct that all food should be scraped, minced, chopped, etc.

The child may also be given stale bread broken in milk, by way of furnishing variety to its food. Bread is one of the most nutritious of foods. Three-fifths of it consists of solid nutriment, and but two-fifths of it water. There are but few foods of which the same can be said, and it is not true of any animal food.

Nerves in the Nursery.

The child of the nervous mother inherits the temperament, intensified by unfavorable pre-natal influences, in many cases. One doctor has remarked that every baby is a chronic invalid for the first three months of its life. Without taking so extreme a view, it is easy to believe that many a baby begins life with every circumstance favorable for the speedy development of nerve disease. What does the nervous mother ask herself in moments when nerves are strained by pain or over-excitement of any kind? "Rest!" she chiefly demands. "Leave me! Let me have quiet, darkness, freedom from all effort."

We accord the nervous baby exactly opposite treatment. We answer as if it entreated, "Rock me! Toss me! Shake rattles at me! Sing to me, shout, jump at me! Show me a light, anything to keep me awake and excited!" Tradition takes a strong hold in the nursery. It is voted cruel indifference "to let a baby cry." The very mother who best recognizes the value of "a good cry" in calming her own overwrought feelings, can least make up her mind to allow the same relaxation for the baby for whose nervous condition she is probably entirely to blame.

The tiny baby's fretfulness is, as a rule, purely physical, and especially dependent on over-excited nerves. Any mother who will allow her baby to grow for at least six months of its life in a restful atmosphere, absolutely unstimulated beyond its natural pace of development, will have food for thought the more common training.

Bed Covering.

My little ones have all bothered about getting uncovered at night. The best preventive I ever found was to cut a blanket in two parts and make two sewed-up sacks (about a half yard wide and a yard long when finished), to put them in feet first. Any heavy flannel would do as well as a blanket. Make armholes and a band or drawstring, to fasten snugly about the neck. What extra covering is needed can never be thrown off, and still the little one has freedom of movement.

When Father Romps With the Children.

The children soon forget their toys
And all the house is full of noise;
The baby claps his hands and crows
And mother's heart with joy o'erflows—
  When father romps with the children.

The cares and woes of life take flight
And all the world seems sweet and bright;
Then all the home is filled with cheer
And hearts to hearts draw very near—
  When father romps with the children.

Perchance there'll come in after years
A time when life is full of tears,
And weary footsteps turn once more
For love and peace to their own door—
  When father romps with the children.

—May McDonald Strickland.

Cleanliness of Babies.

"Cleanliness is next to Godliness" says an old proverb; it is practised by all friends of water and its manifold applications. Unfortunately there are a great many families to be met with nowadays where the children are cleaned but very intermittently, says Health, and of course the poor little innocents have to suffer thereby, because dirt is the origin of many diseases.

In poor families, where the mother is compelled to work for the daily bread for herself and children, there is very little time left to the mother for a thorough care of the children, and there may be scarcity of clean clothes even. In these cases not only the child deserves pity, but the mother as well.

While we thus notice a dearth in cleanliness, we may observe on the other side an excess of extravagance and over-dress in covering the babies with nonsensical finery and inadequate clothing, so that those babies deserve our pity and compassion. This proceeding may generally be noticed in such families who pretend to be much wealthier than they are in reality, and who are often thereby placed in very contradictory unpleasant situations.

It is unhealthful to cover the child with too much finery because the child's free movements are very much impeded thereby; as the fine clothing, etc., is desired to be kept handsome, and therefore the child must be kept quiet, and is prevented from moving about much. But to be a little wild in its movements is a sign of good health, and vivacity in the children and good spirits should surely not be taken away from them already in their early youth—the school of life will later on deal more harshly with them. Therefore remember: Cleanliness is half the life and prevents most diseases.

Training of Children.

A great many mothers are worried and anxious about the wrong things; they are annoyed by earth stains which a little patience and water will take away. If Jennie or Tom comes in covered with mud and grime, there is a great outcry, when really that should not be an unexpected event. I wouldn't give much for the energy of a child who couldn't soil a dress; but—let me whisper it—what is a real cause for anxiety is a little deceit, a little lie, a little moral contamination of any kind. Mothers should rejoice that there is a time when all impurities are outward and can be washed away with pure water, and pray that they may never see a time when all their tears will fail to purify a soul. Since girls, as a class, are not physically so strong as their brothers, they are shielded in childhood by greater care, and the habit grows. It has really come to be a tradition that girls should be taken care of, but boys can take care of themselves.

The educated woman does not so much believe in traditions. She will study her children and their needs as though they were the first beautiful experiment on earth. She will begin early, and not turn away her boy when the new baby comes. When she is able she will leave the infant, whose wants are only physical, and take her little boy up to her bed, hear his little prayer, and sympathize a moment with his sorrows and joys. She will greatly desire that a feeling of dependence on her love and advice be kept alive, because she knows that if she sends her boy away from her when he is little he will be beyond her call when he is grown.

I know the ordinary boy makes his presence felt. I have myself found rabbits in unexpected places. I have also been obliged to serve fruit on a plate because all the glass fruit dishes were filled with little fishes from the river. I know, too, one boy can furnish noise enough for his family, and also the neighbors; but you remember what Burdette said about that: "Let the boy go away, and you may hire a brass band to fill the dreadful silence of your home; it cannot be overcome."

From Infancy to Old Age.

There is no better friend than

NEAVE'S FOOD

The most delicate stomach can take it, and in a very short time a thoroughly healthy condition of body is established, the tissues easily absorb its life-giving particles, and where weakness and discomfort previously existed there is strength and vigour.

Mrs. BLACKMORE, of 1 Marine Parade, Clevedon, writes:—"I have forwarded by this post a photo of our little girl, age eight months, who has been brought up entirely on Neave's Food, which we found suited her in every respect. . . . We have tried other foods, which ends in restless nights for her and us. We do with pleasure recommend your Food to all our friends."

USED IN THE

Russian Imperial Nursery

GOLD MEDAL awarded, WOMAN'S EXHIBITION, London, 1900.

Manufacturers: JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO., FORDINGBRIDGE, ENGLAND.

Confession of a Curate

Why do Women Pursue Men of the Cloth.

THIS is the confession of a young curate in a certain church which has curates in its denomination. It is a part of the autobiography of an honest man. The rest of it may be written, but this much concerns the god of love and out of his heart this curate asks :—

"Why do women—and especially women with elderly unmarried daughters—insist upon chasing after the 'new curate'?"

"You may search me," is the boiled-down and modernized conclusion of this young man, who has been in orders for ten years or more, and is still single.

"I'm not pretty," he says, bluntly. "When I took orders ten years ago the last thing that entered my head was that I possibly could be anything approaching a 'catch.' Women, up to that time, had not smiled on me, literally or figuratively. I took up the work in an eastern city, having not a cent of private income, and drawing a salary that was even less than modest.

"I had heard, of course, that the ladies were kindly disposed to the cloth in general, but I had not considered myself. A good-looking friend of mine in one year had received seven pairs of embroidered slippers, but I looked into the glass and said to myself, 'Not for Joe.'

"My first parish was in a section of the city that was especially rich in eligible young men. They ran through the list of lawyers, doctors, stock brokers, manufacturers, and the like until it would have been a self-satisfied young man indeed who, without fortune, would have entered the lists for favor. As the new curate I had the entree of all the houses, and as it was my duty to use that entree as far as possible I met papas, mammas, and especially daughters by the score. Then I began to wonder at my charm of personality.

"Even in the presence of a young man who had a bank account in six figures I had mamma's smiles. Daughters with bewildering eyes not only did not ignore me, but they insisted that I should play tennis, croquet and sometimes even cards. At social functions I began to find myself in demand, and in view of the fact that I was young, bashful, awkward and not at all well versed in society ways, I began to wonder. It began to look as if in the event of my having matrimonial ambitions I could count not only on a fair field, but upon some measure of favor. I could not count upon the mothers, of course; their sweetest smiles went to the young stock broker and the promising lawyer and doctor. The daughters, however, tripped after me, radiant, and often stayed so long in my society that the artifices of an anxious mother, conscious that the young woman was altogether too interested, became quite laughable when she would try to separate us.

"That was the beginning years ago. I am older now. I have seen many phases of life. I have a small income still, and I have made few advances in personal figure, as you may judge. But in all these years I have been in the light of women's smiles, almost without a cloud to mar it.

"I have excepted, in general, the smiles of the mothers whose charming daughters have had acquaintance with the stock brokers, doctors and lawyers. But not a few of these good women have looked upon me as if they would not be at all averse to having a curate as a son-in-law. The invitation has been unmistakable.

"In the great mass, however, it has been the mother with the daughter, homely and slightly grey, who has laid held of me with the tentacles of her blandishments, and who has sung to me the story of 'dear Adelaide's' industry, goodness and trusting spirit. The charms of Blanche's touch upon the piano have been told to me in words that might have melted a more romantic heart than mine. Grace has been pictured to me as even more than the name could imply.

"But in every case the seeing that should be believing has failed to materialize. I have found a dozen Adelaides of whom a composite photograph would inspire nightmare. A drawing-room full of Blanches have hammered the internal economies out of various pianos, and I have gone home lame in both ears. Most of the Graces I have seen have been calculated to mark matrimony as in the same class with the pantomimes.

"But these comparatively young things have been easy to elude. The maiden ladies and the widows have been most persistent, and the means that they have used to lead me to the altar have been many and devious.

"One maiden who hates the census taker with a deep hatred sought in her guileless way to impress me with her wealth. She would ask me to witness transfers of stocks, to advise her on investments, and the law regarding leases of property. I don't know enough of law even to risk the proverbial 'fool for a client,' but this once young maiden consulted me for weeks before she gave it up.

"Another good, but single soul, tall enough for a grenadier, used to cook delicacies for me 'with her own hands.' She embroidered slippers, made shaving tidies, and asked about my health with so much concern that I felt miserably mean and ungrateful. I could not break away from her kindness, in fact, until she had said to me in such a pointed way that it was time I had taken a wife.

"With reference to these elderly women I often have wondered what a doubly-reforming influence I have exerted in the parish. I have met these women who scarcely were identified with the church. From this meeting they have become enthusiastic workers in both church and Sunday school, and incidentally they have paid such court to the curate that often he has considered the possibility of flight. In fact, I have a friend who was shadowed so persistently by one of these awakened workers that he did disappear between the proverbial two days.

"These are some of the examples which have fallen to my modest and embarrassed lot. I could not for a moment impute any but the best motives to these women, many of whom have tended to make my lines in easy places. But often and often I have wished that a curate might be spared at least some of the attentions which serve only to make his position more difficult for him."

THAT WHICH IT HAS DONE IT CAN DO AGAIN!

St. Jacobs Oil

CURES

RHEUMATISM,

NEURALGIA,

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A few cases pronounced incurable, which ST. JACOBS OIL has cured promptly and permanently—

Rheumatism, Chronic 40 years, cured.
A man crazed by Neuralgia, cured.
A Sprained Back, helpless 19 years, cured.
Lumbago and Sciatica in worst forms, cured in a day.
A man bruised from head to foot, cured in a day.
A boy's bent leg restored.

Price 25c. and 50c.

Of these and many more remarkable cures it holds the proof.

ACTS LIKE MAGIC!

Conquers Pain!

Hotels in Scotland.

A writer in an American exchange tells us something about the hotel accommodation in Scotland which may prove interesting reading, whether or not we contemplate a tour in the north in connection with the forthcoming cornation ceremonies.

"As a general rule, the Scottish hotel is kept by a benevolent-looking old lady, who knows absolutely nothing about the trains, nothing about the town, nothing about anything outside the hotel, and is non-commital even regarding matters within her own jurisdiction. Upon arrival you do not register, but stand at the desk and submit to a cross-examination, much as if you were being sentenced in an American police court.

Your hostess always wants twelve hours' notice of your departure, so that she can make out your bill—a very arduous, formidable undertaking. The bill is of prodigious dimensions, about the size of a sheet of foolscap paper, lined and cross-lined for a multitude of entries. When the account finally reaches you it closely resembles a design for a cobweb factory. Any attempt to decipher the various hieroglyphics is useless—it can't be done. The only thing that can be done is to read the total at the foot of the page and pay it.

"One thing the venerable lady will always do—receipt the bill. This she does with tedious deliberation, and you must wait for it, even if you thereby miss your train. If you venture to ask for a cigar the old lady looks up in astonishment. After eyeing you for a moment over her spectacles in a reproachful sort of way, as much as to say, "Don't you know smoking is a filthy habit and a sin?" she pulls out a box of atrocious cigars from its hiding place and reluctantly shoves it in your direction. I understand it is a deliberate plan of these estimable folks to attempt to discourage the smoking habit by providing wads of combustible abomination in place of cigars.

"The hotel dining-room is also the public sitting-room, hence, if the guest walks in and sits down in the American fashion, expecting a waiter to come for his order, he is liable to sit there all day. If anything to eat is wanted one must hunt for the waiter and make known his wants. If one goes by the advertisement and simply orders a "plain breakfast," he gets tea and bread. If he expects butter it is necessary to file a demand. If he wants eggs he must likewise request them. If coffee is ordered, tea is generally served, and after one has had a drink of the coffee he is glad to get the tea next time. The drug called "coffee" is such a horrible mixture as to almost provoke spasms. The new arrival in a Scottish hotel should take care not to ring the call bell of his room unless he is presentably dressed. The bell is not answered by a call boy, but by the chambermaid, who invariably assumes that you would not have rung had she not been wanted.

How Glass Should be Washed.

The sudden expansion caused by the heat is almost sure to crack the glass, whereas if it is laid in the water edgewise or sidewise the danger is overcome. Glass washed in cold water will have a much clearer look than that washed in hot water, but it does not respond so quickly to the drying towel. Whether it is washed in hot or cold water glass should be dried as soon as it is lifted from the water. If allowed to drain it will be dingy.

A Good Name is to be Prized.—There have been imitations of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil which may have been injurious to its good name, but if so, the injury has only been temporary. Goodness must always come to the front and throw into the shadow that which is worthless. So it has been with Eclectric Oil, no imitation can maintain itself against the article.

THE HOME

Are the Children Home?

Each day when the glow of sunset
  Fades in the western sky,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
  Go tripping lightly by,
I steal away from my husband,
  Asleep in his easy chair,
And watch from the open doorway
  Their faces fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead,
  That once was full of life,
Ringing with girlish laughter,
  Echoing boyish strife.
We two are waiting together,
  And oft, when the shadows come,
With tremulous voice he calls me,
  "It is night! Are the children home?"

"Yes, love," I answer him gently,
  "They're all home long ago,"
And I sing in my quivering tremble,
  A song so soft and low,
Till the old man drops to slumber,
  With his head upon his hand,
And I tell to myself the number
  At home in a better land.

Home, where never a sorrow
  Shall dim their eyes with tears,
When the smile of God is on them,
  Through all the summer years.
I know, yet my arms are empty
  That fondly folded seven,
And the mother heart within me
  Is almost starving for heaven.

Sometimes, in the dusk of evening,
  I only shut my eyes,
And the children are all about me,
  A vision from the skies;
The babes whose dimpled fingers
  Lost the way to my breast,
And the beautiful ones, the angels,
  Passed to the world of the blest.

A breath and the vision is lifted
  Away on the wings of light,
And again we two are together,
  All alone in the night.
They tell me his mind is failing,
  But I smile at idle fears;
He is only back with the children,
  In the dear and peaceful years.

And still as the summer sunset
  Fades away in the west,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
  Go trooping home to rest,
My husband calls from his corner,
  "Say, love, have the children come?"
And I answer with eyes uplifted,
  "Yes, dear, they are all at home."

A Battle in the Jungle.

(By the Blacksmith.)

THE most impressive fight that I ever saw was one between a lion and a gorilla in Equatorial Africa. I can see that combat now as plainly as if it had only occurred last night. It was Homeric. It was a fight of giants, and it was a fight to a finish. I look upon it as the more extraordinary because the lion and the gorilla are each kings in their own especial domains—the lion on the plains and the gorilla in the gloomy recesses of the African forest. It is seldom they come together, which makes my personal experience all the more extraordinary. For some hours I had followed the spoor of a large tawny maned lion and had lost it. My natives were 15 miles away in camp, and as my horse was pretty nearly done out there was nothing for it but to offsaddle prior to tethering him after the mid African fashion.

Just as I had offsaddled, a roar, louder than the loudest thunder, shook the ground. My horse shivered, trembled, and in a second was off like the wind as a huge tawny lion appeared within a couple of hundred yards from us. My flying steed caught his eye, and he started for him in a series of tremendous bounds that threatened to cover the distance between them in short order. But fear, when it does not paralyze, is the father of speed, and a few moments later I saw the lion halt and turn from the chase. I knew it was my turn next, and the way I put for that wood and skinned up the first decent sized tree has filled me with astonishment ever since. This tree was about twenty yards within the forest and the light was fairly good—quite good enough for me to see that our mutual positions had been suddenly transposed. The hunter was now the hunted one, for hardly ten feet below me stood a full-sized tawny-maned lion, evidently seeking whom he could devour. He had spotted my tree unerringly, and for five or ten seconds, that seemed like so many hours, we looked at each other. Suddenly, he let out a roar that all but loosened my death-grip on the bough on which I had sprawled with ever so much more haste than dignity. Why I didn't drop right down into his jaws is what puzzles me now. But I held on, as he walked round and round the tree, occasionally rearing his full length, rampant, up the stem, his little black ears set back, his great eyes darting fire, his teeth glistening, his red tongue dropping saliva as he clawed the bark from the stem and lashing himself with his spike-tufted tail into constantly increasing fury. His huge face was within two feet of my resting place; each moment I expected to see him leap for the first branch, and had already given myself up for lost when a roar, close at hand, accompanied by a loud drumming sound turned his attention to a new and unexpected foe. A moment later the latter discovered himself, a huge gorilla, in appearance more terrific, by far, than the lion. He was, I should say, anywhere between five feet seven inches and five feet ten inches in height. In outline he bore a marked resemblance to the human body, but here the resemblance ceased. His appearance was absolutely demoniacal. I shall never forget the bestial ferocity and the hideousness of his prominent temples, his little eyes that blazed with fury, the rapid working up and down of the skin on his low, bestial forehead, as he pounded his black, hairy breast with his huge flats. There they stood, facing each other, the King of the Forest and the King of the Desert. Each knew that he was a principal in a duel to the death. Of the two, the gorilla seemed the more resolute. The lion, for a moment or two, continued to lash himself with his tail, when suddenly, with a broken roar, he launched himself into space at the gorilla. With a rapidity that seemed inconceivable in one of his awkward bulk, the huge simian avoided the lion's rush, and, in the twinkling of an eye, had rolled his enemy over, using his heavy hairy arms with lightning-like rapidity. As the lion leapt back to his former position the two paused for a brief space before the coming onset. One eye of the lion had been torn out of its socket and his lower jaw looked as if it had been badly damaged. The big ape was clawed badly, but the blood that streamed from him only increased his malignant fury. Shifting his ground, as if determined on taking the aggressive, he was anticipated by the lion, who made a straight leap, catching his antagonist, after the fashion of lions, by the shoulder. A tiger would have leapt for his throat, struck the jugular and finished the fight there and then. But the lion prefers to strike at the shoulder, or the loin, and herein lay the gorilla's salvation. Over and over the huge beasts rolled and roared and ramped, their mighty muscles and huge limbs twining in and out and strained to the verge of breaking, their breath coming and going in great sobs that were inexpressibly impressive.

Now, I could see why it is that the gorilla is short in the forearm, where the hair bristles towards the shoulder, and long from the shoulder to the elbow-joint, where the hair bristles towards the huge hands. From the shoulders to the elbows he held his powerful enemy clasped with the inexorable power of great iron clamps, whilst his muscular forearms pulled the lion's head backwards in spite of his mighty roars and mightier heavings and strainings. The ground where they now fought was directly underneath my hiding-place and was rapidly ploughed and furrowed in each direction. With a mighty exertion the lion managed to half free himself, but his antagonist swung around like a flash, and a second later I could see the huge hairy arms of the gorilla tear his entrails from him. A second later he held the lion's head in a grip that could not be loosened. His own sides were ripped and bloody, the skin and flesh torn by the claws of the lion, but nothing could appease his deathless malignity. Slowly, but surely, the great leonine jaws were wrenched asunder—those massive jaws whose thunders had terrorized the plains—and then, with one blood-curdling sob, the King of the Plains was dethroned.

The huge simian rose and roared his triumph over his dead foe, when, forgetting all danger in the excitement of the moment, I let go my hold and dropped down on all fours at his feet. In another second I should have been torn to pieces, but just at that moment I awoke and found that I had fallen out of bed, and the roar of the gorilla was simply the sweet child voice of my little chorister friend calling at my bedroom door:—"Mr. Blacksmith, the water in the bath is ready, and it's past 8 o'clock."

Yes, I can see that fight just as if it occurred last night.

A Case of Pronunciation.

An impudent fellow named Hawarden
Inquired, without asking his powarden,
Of the learned Colquhoun if the man in the mquhoun
Always lodged in some nobleman's gawarden.
Whereupon the fire-eating Lord Cholmondeley,
Overhearing the words, remarked glolmondeley,
To an awe-sticken neighbor, unsheathing his seighbor,
That the question was very uncolmondeley.

A Curious Costume.

On the occasion of a garden party at Benares, given by the Viceroy, a wonderful dress was worn by the Countess Palovolovetsch, which excited much admiration. Seen from near at hand the gown seemed to be made up of tongues of blue flame, with occasional streaks of bright light flashing across, and all resting on a bed of liquid fire. Then the appearance would change, and its wearer seemed to be wrapped in multi-colored flame. It was noticed that the Countess never sat down, but was constantly on the move. During her peregrinations a friend asked her about her marvellous costume, and discovered that it was a simple gown of brocade ornamented with fire-flies. There were 535 of these little creatures, each in a tiny net, fastened to the dress.

Figures for Typewriters.

In typewriting 500 letters you waste one hour in writing "Dear Sir" and "Yours very truly." Now, the total annual number of letters sent through the post all over the world is 8,000,000,000. Of course, this is not all commercial correspondence, nor is it all typewritten, but for the purpose of having some statistical starting-point it will be assumed that it is. To write "Dear Sir" and "Yours very truly" for this number of letters would take one typist 16,000,000 hours; allowing 300 working days to the year, about 6,700 years. To translate this into an approximation of its money value, allowing $10 as the salary of the typist and eight hours as the average day's work, the cost would be $3,350,000.

Man's Chief End.

We smile complacently at the Hottentot whose pride is centred in the tawdry ring he wears in his nose, yet how much are we raised above this savage, we who prostrate ourselves before the minted gold of the millionaire? In our absurd money-worship, we have reached a stage where a golden calf, instead of a royal eagle, might well be the symbol of our national spirit. We are holding the almighty dollar so close to our eyes that we are obscuring Almighty God. In our old catechism we were asked, "What is the chief end of man?" The up-to-date reply would be, "The chief end of man is to glorify gold and to enjoy it forever."—Edwin Markham, in April Success.

The Way of Transgressors.

IN the awful annals of evil the names of two criminals of the blackest dye have come down to us—those of Burke and Hare, the English garroters.

These men committed many murders. Stealing upon their unwary victims, they slipped a collar, or noose, round their necks and deliberately strangled them. Then they sold the dead bodies for purposes of dissection. It was a horrible practice of the times. Graves were rifled by so-called "body-snatchers," or "resurrection men." Of one of these we have a portrayal in the character of "Jerry," in Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities."

Of the following incidents the first has already appeared in some mission records of remarkable providences. The latter has never before been given to the public.

A lady who visited the poor in their wretched lodgings in St. Giles', London, was one day seated by the sickbed of a woman, when the invalid's husband entered. The lady had not met the man previously, so endeavored to conciliate him by a few pleasant words. Soon after she rose to take leave. The man inquired as to the way she had to go, and when told suggested that he knew a shorter road, and by passing through a rear entrance of the house she would find herself much nearer home. The lady thanked him and was about to accept his escort to the back door, when she caught a look of agony on the sick woman's face. The lips seemed to form the word "No!" With instant intuition the visitor declined the offer of guidance, remarking that she preferred to take the way she knew best.

The man was Burke, and but for his wife's secret warning, doubtless would have added another to his list of victims. Whatever the wife's life may have been, she evinced a sense of gratitude and shrinking from treachery at the last. The following week her husband and his accomplice were arrested. Hare turned "King's evidence," and was let go free. Burke suffered the penalty of his crimes. Even to the most sceptical mind, the incident may serve to show the intervention of an overruling Power on behalf of the Christian woman who ventured, as it were, into the very jaws of death on her mission of mercy.

Not long after the execution, a gentleman who took a seat on the outside of an omnibus in Edinburgh found himself opposite to a man whose appearance seemed familiar, and yet he could not recall their having previously met. The strange likeness puzzled him, and his scrutiny, though not rude, disconcerted the man. Presently the latter stopped the omnibus and got down. As he crossed a square the vague resemblance took definite shape. The man must have served as a model for the figure of Hare, the murderer, as the gentleman had seen it in the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's waxworks in London.

The next week the gentleman went to London. As he walked into the well-known exhibition in Bond street Madame Tussaud herself met him.

"I am going down to the Chamber of Horrors," he said, "for a strange thing has happened to me. The man you have represented here as Hare sat near me on an omnibus last week."

"That may be," replied the famous modeller, "for Hare himself came here a few days since. He paid his money and, without looking to the right or left, went downstairs. There he stood for I know not how long—Ma foi! I went to peep—looking at the figures of himself and his wicked partner. Then he came quietly up and slipped out."

That was the last ever known of Hare.

Do Departed Spirits Frequent This Earth?

(Continued from page 21)

The Banshee.

A young lady friend of mine went to Ireland with her father, who was a sea captain, in order to visit some relatives in Belfast. While there, in company with the lady of the house, she went to visit an old nurse, whose cottage was on the estate. Upon arriving there the old lady, who was quite infirm, talked freely for some time, loudly expressing her gratitude for the gift of good things the good lady had sent her. While engaged in conversation they were interrupted by three loud and distinct raps on the closed door of the cottage. Rising quickly, the lady at once opened the door, but no one was there, but a rush of icy air seemed to sweep past her, with a low, wailing sound. Then a succession of half-smothered sighs, then all was still. They were much surprised, and thought someone was playing a joke on them, but the old nurse, white to the lips, burst into loud lamentation, and cries of "the banshee," "the banshee. It has come to announce three deaths. Oh, woe's me, woe's me. The childer, the childer," and nothing we could say would comfort her. We left her with regret, still sobbing bitterly. The next day we went to see her again, thinking she would have recovered from her fright, but found that she had just been informed of the death of her three sons, who were fishermen, and had been drowned the night before by the capsizing of their boat in a storm, their bodies having been washed upon the beach.

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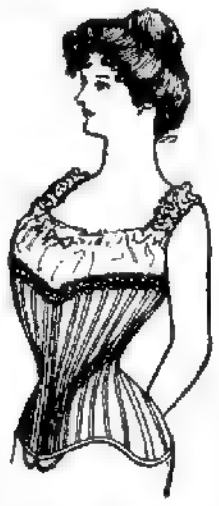

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Immortal Sayings From Books of To-day.

Poverty goes afoot and sleeps with strange bed-fellows.—Lazarre.

Knowledge as well as charity should begin at home.—As Ithers See Us.

The world's full of globular men who have cubical jobs.—Captain Bluitt.

If silence is golden, a discreet silence is away above rubies.—Life on the Stage.

He who thoroughly understands himself has the key to human nature.—As Ithers See Us.

A girl is never too young to form opinions of her own sex—or to express them.—The Destiny of Doris.

The public are a strange number of persons with stranger brains in their heads.—A Triple Flirtation.

Blssed is he woman whose husband dies while the kisses of love are still warm on her lips.—The Supreme Surrender.

While a misfit occupation is bad, a misfit marriage is as near to clear misery as you can get on this side of the grave.—Captain Bluitt.

There is a devilish antagonism of inanimate and senseless things, begun by discord in ourselves, which works unreasonable torture.—Lazarre.

Marriage to-day only affords happiness to two classes—the people who are absolutely commonplace and who are content to take things just as they come. . . . or the very small minority who grow side by side and feed each other's brain as well as soul.—The Supreme Surrender.

Finest Summer Resort in America.

The "Highlands of Ontario," Canada, are considered the most charming place for summer tourists on the continent. A thousand feet above sea level, purest of air, no flies or musquitoes, picturesque surroundings, new modern hotels, good rail and steamboat service. Perfect immunity from hay fever assured. Health and pleasure to all who go there. Full information and handsome descriptive literature, giving list of hotels, rates and all particulars may be had free on application to M. C. Dickson, District Passenger Agent Grand Trunk Railway, Toronto, Canada, and say that you saw this in The Ladies' Journal.

A Woman Bill Poster.

The only woman bill poster in the world is Miss Cora G. Kimball of Philadelphia. No ladder is too high for her, and when at work she wears a short skirt, high boots and a felt hat. Her work is giving the fullest satisfaction, as she is prompt and reliable, and she is absorbing a good share of the business of the place.

Do you feel as though your friends had all deserted you, business calamities overwhelmed you, your body refusing to perform its duties, and even the sun had taken refuge behind a cloud? Then use Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and hope will return and despondency disappear. Mr. R. H. Baker, Ingoldsby, writes: "I am completely cured of Dyspepsia that caused me great suffering for three years. Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery is the medicine that effected the cure ofter trying many other medicines."

Worth More Than Gold

Aug. 20, 1901.

Dr. Radway: For 30 years I have been using your Ready Relief and Pills and always with the desired result. I can truly say they are worth more than ten times their weight in gold, especially so in our climate, where bowel troubles, dysentery, etc., are epidemic. S. FULDA,
1704 Edward St., Houston, Tex.

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Radway's Ready Relief cures the worst pains in from one to twenty minutes. For Headache (whether sick or nervous), Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure. Sold by druggists.

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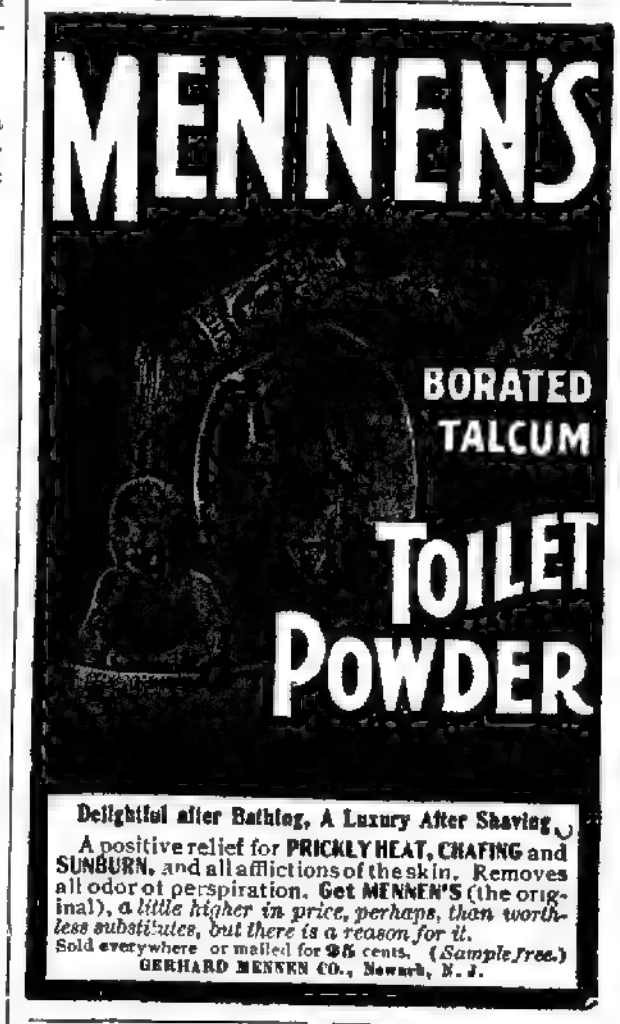

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Old Friends and New.

A Saunter Through the Fields of Thought.

The Window Sill.

(Hattie Whitney, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for April.)

Behind the scarlet bloom within
A green and golden jardiniere
I catch the glitter of a pin
Thrust in a knot of shining hair.

A hand disturbs the lilacs' mist
That reaches up the window case
And checkers with its amethyst
The border of the curtain lace.

The shaken flower goblets bend,
And waves of sweetness lowly spill,
As one, with freedom of a friend,
Above, then dashes towards its edge

The sun ascends the azure steep
Leans lightly on the window sill.
His golden spokes; and still they keep
The trysting at the window ledge.

Until a shadow, rosy-gray,
Among the lilac branches slips—
The young man, turning, goes his way,
A tender smile upon his lips.

Half drooped, I see the shining knot
Of hair, a slender figure, still
As in a dream; and wonder what
Was told across the window sill.

A Toast to the Bachelor.

A toast is offered to the bachelor. Not to every bachelor, of course. Not all are toastworthy. There are plenty who ought to have married, but were too timid, distrustful, lazy, self-indulgent, or incompetent. There are those who were dazzled in their youth by the spangles and gewgaws of life, and stretched out for them hands too eager to detect the worthlessness of what they got. There are those who were unfit to marry. Toast them in moderation, because they didn't, provided they will give bonds to continue single. There are those who broke hearts, partly from faithlessness, partly from over-much calculation, partly from mere lack of grit. No, we may not toast all bachelors. So much the more toast those whom we may! Maintainers of the unmaintained, bearers of burdens dropped by other men, providers for the unprovided for, succorers of the distressed, defenders of the fatherless, bulwarks of the widow! Oh, what a good, an indispensable man is that bachelor who can make a bigger living than he needs, and is always ready to share his surplus; who counsels his nephews and fortifies them with timely remittances; who surprises his nieces with gowns and opportune hats; who has no serious troubles of his own, and is ready always to shoulder such troubles as others bring to him! The trouble with Benedict is that his hostages are given. There are claims upon his heart, his time, his income. He must consider obligations and properties. He is a mortgaged man, though he may be ever so good a one. There is no use of spending much affection on Benedict, for he can get it at home, and he can't repay a large investment in kind without incurring domestic hazards. But a good bachelor, what a great property he is, and how inestimably valuable to those who own him! It is a great calling to be a good bachelor, and about one bachelor in a hundred makes a fairly satisfactory demonstration that it is his.—Harper's Weekly.

Is Australia to be German

Stead says in his book that Australia may become a German continent. He says the four and a half million English-speaking people camped on the rim of the island have a birth rate almost as low as France's, and that at the rate German immigrants are pouring in these will presently outnumber the English.—National Magazine for April.

Mark Twain and Himself.

Mark Twain is so well known by his pseudonym that people frequently address him as Mr. Twain, until his identity has assumed a sort of Jekyll-and-Hyde quality, and he doesn't know himself whether he is Mark Twain or Samuel Clemens. It remained for the ever-ingenious office-boy to carry the dual identity theory to its utmost development. Mr. Clemens called at a publishing house, but the man he wanted to see was absent. To make sure that his visit should be reported, and having no card with him, he gave both his names to the office boy. This was the latter's report to his superior:

"Mr. Clemens was here. He said he wanted to see Mark Twain."

Modern Culture and Current History.

The magazines hitherto published under the names "Modern Culture" and "Current History" have been combined. The current issue appears much in the form of the previous numbers of "Current History," but greatly improved, being larger and better in every way. The publishers promise to continue to mirror the events of the world from month to month for their readers.

Our Descent From Monkeys.

The baby has the power to move its toes independently—that wriggling of the toes so often commented upon by mothers. This form of movement is a heritage from those ancestors, who, like modern monkeys, would have used the fingers of their hind feet as we do the fingers of our hands.

So in any Zoological Gardens monkeys may been seen hanging on to a bar above by their hands and using a hind foot (hand) to pick up things from the ground.

A frequent action with babies is to turn the soles of the feet sideways, opposite to one another, while the legs remain straight. Just this attitude would be assumed by a monkey when climbing a tree, or walking on a branch in order to grasp the stem with its hind hands.

The inherited effects of thus grasping tree trunks or limbs with the hind hands are often very marked in young babies. The bow legs, which are a feature of infancy, and a matter of some anxiety to mothers, are no more than the relics of the tree-climbing stage. And the mother need not be frightened about this character—any normally healthy baby will grow out of it soon enough.

Then if a young baby be held so that its feet touch the ground one may see that the feet are not put flat to the surface; instead, the outer portions of the feet rest on the ground; while the soles of the feet are more or less opposed to one another— they have the bough-grasping attitude.

It has been noticed above that monkeys use their hind paws like hands; their front paws they employ as implements by which to suspend their bodies from trees. For such purpose the thumb is not necessary; all that is required is a kind of grasping-hook, which the fingers make efficiently by themselves. The monkeys which do most tree-climbing have quite lost their thumbs; their front hands are, in fact, merely grasping-hooks.

Disuse of the thumb may be observed in other monkeys when they are grasping bars; and it is noticeable in babies when holding sticks, or grasping a flowerpot. An adult taking hold of a flowerpot would put the thumb inside and make a lever of it. But the baby does not act like an adult: it does not put out its hand to take the flowerpot as an adult would do. Instead, it dabs at the rim of the flowerpot with the palm of its hand downwards, just in the manner that a monkey dabs at a branch.

The manner in which babies hold their hands in a clasping attitude is a result of the ancestral bough-grasping habits. This attitude may be seen in monkeys generally; and in those species which lead the most arboreal life it has become a permanent feature, because of the difficulty of straightening the fingers after exertion.—Pearson's Magazine for April.

A Spring Party for Children.

All the little tables in the tent and about the grounds near it where the small folk were to partake of supper had vases of daisies and roses in the middle, and bunches of roses tied with ribbon for the girls, and boutonnieres of daisies for the boys. Scattered about the grounds were various attractions. Under a huge paper Japanese umbrella stood a table with the lemonade-bowl and punch-glasses, with some one to preside over it who understood the art of tactful suggestion.

There were hammocks and seats and swings under the trees in cool places. There were "side-shows," such as the doll's house on the veranda, the phonograph, the pony and cart in readiness, and the tennis-court and putting-clock. No one can tell at just what point children will become bored and leave the general game.

"Oh, let's begin!" Bobby had exclaimed a dozen times before all the guests had arrived, and as we had quite a programme of amusements ahead of us we started as soon as possible. There is nothing like a good old favorite to break the ice at a children's party, and no game is ever more popular than a donkey with variations.

On one side of the veranda hung a sheet with a big daisy drawn on it in outline, minus the yellow centre. Blindfolded, the children pinned their centres where they guessed the right spot to be; of course a little girl was the successful one.—Harper's Bazar.

Our Vanishing Ideal.

(Clara E. Laughlin, in Scribner's).

We begin by believing that the way of life is by acquisition, by what the world reckons progress. We live to learn that it is by abandonment, by the ability to do without rather than by the capability to gain, by the growing away from ideals rather than by fulfilment of them, and this not necessarily by a ruthless decree, but most often by a specially benignant one.

I wish biography, even autobiography were more explicit on this point. And so wishing, so thinking, I began to put down the poor, bare, utterly commonplace little outlines I know "best of all," as Mrs. Burnett says; and looking backward as best I could, my recollection flew, straight as a magnetic needle to the north, to the time when I used, as a little girl, to look forward with a chill agony of foreboding to the inevitable time when I should be "too big" to play with dolls. I felt sure that when such a time came to me I should want to die; life would hold no further incentives to go on living. I really suffered in this anticipation, imagining that some day, in the full flush of my passionate love for my dolls, someone would come to me and make me put my treasures away from me forever, and my heart would surely break in one great ache of agony. But I can't even remember how or when I stopped playing with dolls. My interest in them, my passion for them, their power to absorb and satisfy me, faded so gradually, so gently, into other interests, other passions, that there was no wrench in the transition; it was evolution, and as quiet as the growth of grass, the unfolding of buds, as the creeping by of time.

The Fruit of Her Hands.

(Edwin Markham, in The Pilgrim).

"Give her the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates."

A humble dial-builder, once upon a time, approached a great man to carve a motto for a new-built dial. The sage, surly at this interruption of his cobweb cogitation, turned and croaked out, "Sirrah! Be about your business!"

"Ha, the very thing!" cried the dial-maker, in delight. "A better mandate for the use of time was never flung out upon the pathway of the hours." And straightway he carved the legend upon his dial to speak its wisdom to the passers-by.

"Be about your business!" What better word for both man and woman —for the servants of the Great Purpose, the servants to whom is intrusted the business of the Father!

And what is this business? I am bold to say that the chief business of men and women in this age (and in every age) is to endeavor to shape and reshape the social state to the needs and aspirations of universal human nature. This does not mean that we should be petrified conservatives, nor rampant radicals; but that we should be servants wisely awake to every whisper of the social conscience, to every hint of the heart, for the extension of freedom and affectionate justice in the world. It means that we must persist in sleeping on our arms, always ready for a new departure whenever the bugle sounds on the mountain—always ready for a new advance toward the Holy City of our dream.

The glory of woman is her sympathy, as the glory of man is his reason. But neither sympathy nor reason is perfect without an infusion of the other. In the past, man's reason has lacked sympathy, and so has been cold, hard, static; while woman's sympathy has lacked reason, and so has been narrow, unbalanced, misguided. Her sympathy has been limited to the home, the church, the set.

But no sympathy is large and divine until it goes out to the whole humanity. I rejoice that the womanly sympathies of this day are breaking through the old traditions of doorysrd and neighborhood, and are flooding out to encircle cities, and States, and peoples. It was once thought to be the whole business of woman to slave it in the kitchen or to queen it in the drawing-room. She was set apart as a theme for the sugared sonnets of languishing poets, for the fine phrases of courtly Chesterfields. She was not a power in government save only through the dark and devious ways of intrigue. She was a mere supernumerary and accessory of institutions —a pretty bauble, splendid trinket.

But a new spirit is moving on our disturbed and wonderful epoch. It is the apparition of woman. She is coming forth at last to take her place by the side of man in the world's affairs.

We need not enter into the vexed questions—"Shall woman invent and create, or shall she simply work over the old matter?" Nor need we take the thorny path where tongues and quills are fighting out the question, "Which is the better worker in art and literature, man or woman?" I care not for the contention that would weigh magnolia against oak, orange against apple. Each is perfect in its own sphere.

Woman, for instance, has inborn aptitude for studying social problems. For ages she has been shut out, as by a Chinese wall, from business and politics; and her life, tethered to home and church, has been a long schooling in social ethics. Here, then, she has experience, here she has insight. So she comes to social problems with warm sympathy, and with faith averring that things can be changed, and that whatever is wrong must be righted.

Woman has made the home, and now she must help to make that larger home—the State. She must come to the help of good government. For what is good government? It is nothing but good housekeeping—the larger housekeeping of the people.

And this feeling in woman for the betterment of the social order is growing everywhere. She is beginning to reach out to the slums of cities, to the perfidies of senates. Her pen is bright and busy. M. Ferdinand Brunetiere declares that "the new interest in social problems that has given distinctive stamp to contemporary fiction in all countries is largely due to women writers."

Woman's whole being (in its best moment) palpitates to help the world. Dare I not believe that Fanny Kemble's experience speaks for all? This great actress used to say that when standing in character before a vast audience that was thrilling to her words, quivering in sympathy to her every mood, she was often tempted to leave off her acting and suddenly to cry some word from her own heart to the heart of the people. And always, at such exalted moments, all she could think of to say was that old cry of mother to son, of God to man, "Be good! be good! be good!"

Yes; woman would have the world be good, but how can it be made good? Not by a cry from a stage, not by a shout on the street. But rather by reaching a practical hand into the grime and grit of our work-a-day life.

Men and women need something to love and something to hope for. But under this love and this hope lies the bread-and-butter question—terribly practical and terribly persistent. And under this bread-and-butter question lies a right as old as the world and as deep as life itself—the right to work. Every man has a right to express in art and craft the ideal of his heart, the joy of his soul.

If men and women could be assured of labor to the end, labor under humane conditions, labor assuring a sufficiency and a little leisure—if the famine of to-day and the fear of to-morrow (twin terrors!) could be lifted from life how much of the fret and cark of the heart would be smothered out; how much of the despair and grief of the world would be washed away; how much dishonesty, how much drunkenness; how much servility, how much disease, how much suicide would disappear from the ways of man!

Perhaps no other one thing would do so much to make men and women happy; and to make people happy is to make them good. If the women of America would band together for this one thing—band together to secure to each one the opportunity to make a living—the pitiful army of the unemployed would disappear and the terrible days of enforced idleness would be no more.

The allied women of America could do this thing, for the women of the nation make the public opinion of the nation; and public opinion is the strongest lever in the hand of fate.

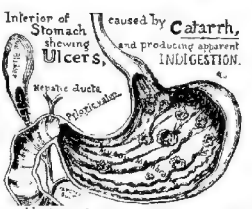
+++

Benzine and French chalk will remove grease from matting. Cover the spot thickly with chalk, and moisten by sprinkling, not pouring, the benzine on it. When the benzine has evaporated, brush off the chalk and the spot will have disappeared.

CATARRH SPECIALIST **SPROULE**

Explains Why Physicians and Patent Medicines Fail to Cure

Diseases of the Stomach



Of all the chronic ailments which afflict modern humanity, none, perhaps, procure for their victims less sympathy than the various forms of stomach trouble, which are all, popularly and erroneously classed under the head of "dyspepsia."

Not only is the blood impoverished by the poor digestion, but a great nerve system is kept perpetually on the rack. Thus both mind and body are affected, and the victim grows to be a burden to himself and friends.

I have often felt my blood boil with compassion and indignation, as I have seen the impatience and lack of pity towards these unfortunates. Their trouble gets to be such an old story that those around no longer worry over them; and then impatience soon steps in.

They try doctor after doctor, cure after cure, remedy on remedy, with no benefit, or only temporary relief. They grow worse rather than better. The things which they can eat without distress become fewer and fewer in number. Till at last life grows scarcely worth the living.

What do I do when such a case comes to me? Continue the dosing and drugging with pepsins, pancreatics, acids, alkalies, soda, etc.? Not at all. As all treatment for regular stomach trouble has failed, it is fair to conclude that the cause lies in another direction. My long experience has taught me not to waste time, but to ask at once if the patient has or ever has had Catarrh of the Head. Nine out of ten times the patient is much surprised at the question, but answers yes.

This, then, was why all "dyspepsia cures" had failed. In all such cases the stomach is perfectly well able to digest. But the Catarrh mucus has dropped down from the head, and gradually coated over the lining of the stomach. The digestive juices are thus prevented from doing their work. The food is not digested and fails to nourish the body, so that the blood grows poor and weak and does not feed the nerves.

At length the Catarrh germs attach themselves to the membranous lining of the stomach, and eat into it, forming gradually festering sores and ulcers. These are all as tender as similar ones would be on the surface of the body. The result is that, when this latter stage is reached, any food put into the stomach causes pain, and the man is more than ever convinced that he has dyspepsia.

He has Catarrh of the Stomach. Properly treated he can easily, simply and quickly be rid of it. But he must have treatment for Catarrh, and the proper treatment at the hands of an expert Specialist.

Thousands of poor discouraged souls have applied to me as a last hope, after having been treated in vain by doctors and patent medicines, for dyspepsia or indigestion. I have treated them for Catarrh, and in each case the despondent, suffering chronic invalid gave place to a strong, healthy, happy man or woman. I will gladly send you the names of many such people in your own province. I have cured them after they had dosed themselves for years with their family physicians' prescriptions, and nearly all of the advertised dyspepsia cures, with only the result of becoming thoroughly discouraged, and hopeless of ever getting cured. Reader, if you are one of these discouraged people, just pluck up courage to make another trial. Write me, and it is nine chances out of ten you will never again have to dose yourself for dyspepsia or indigestion.

So as to enable you to find out if the disease you are troubled with is Catarrh of the Stomach and not dyspepsia, I have appended some of the commonest symptoms.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH OF THE STOMACH.

Do you belch up gas?
Is your tongue coated?
Are your bowels irregular?
Do you suffer from nausea?
Are you drowsy after meals?
Is your flesh soft and flabby?
Do you suffer with headache?
Do you feel bloated after eating?
Have you rumbling in your bowels?
Have you palpitations of the heart?
Do you feel languid in the morning?
Do you have pain just after eating?
Have you pain in pit of stomach?
Do you have chilly and then hot flushes?
Do you have a desire for improper food?
Is there a sour or a sweet taste in the mouth?
Is there a gnawing sensation in stomach?
Do you feel faint when stomach is empty?
Do you see specks floating before your eyes?
Have you feeling of emptiness in morning?
Have you a burning in back part of throat called heartburn?

If you are troubled with some of the above symptoms, mark them on the piece of paper, cut it out and mail to me, also write any other information you may wish to give me about your case; as soon as I receive your letter I will study it over carefully. This is no trouble to me. I will then make a diagnosis, giving my opinion of your case, and if it be suitable for my treatment, will tell you just how much this course of treatment will cost. This I always make as reasonable as possible, leaving you perfectly free to think the matter over carefully, and then take treatment from me or not, just as you consider best.

Perhaps I may be able to do you good and relieve you of much suffering and the more suffering I can alleviate, the happier I can make my fellow human beings, the fuller will be my reward in the Great Hereafter.

Dr. SPROULE, B. A. (Graduate Dublin University, Ireland, formerly Surgeon British Royal Naval Service), ENGLISH SPECIALIST in CATARRH and NERVOUS DISEASES, 7 to 13 DOANE STREET, BOSTON.

A King's Nationality.

An English statistician has kindly figured out the respective amount of foreign blood in the veins of King Edward VII. Based presumably on medical knowledge, he finds that there are 4,056 drops of blood in the King's body. Of these there is just one single, lonely drop of English blood, which came through Margaret Tudor, wife of James IV., of Scotland; there are two drops of French blood, contributed by the unfortunate Mary Stuart; five drops of Scotch blood, from James IV., and Lord Darnley; eight drops of Danish blood and 4,040 drops of German blood. Ponder upon this fearful cloud that darkens Britain's horizon, says an unkind American exchange. Think of the horrible irony, if, during the coronation, King Edward should put up his royal hands to see if his crown were on straight, and, cutting a royal finger on one of the sharp facets of the Black Prince's famous ruby, should shed his only drop of English blood!

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A very good cheap cement that may be used in many ways in patching crockery-ware and mending leaks may be made from plaster of Paris. Mix this with the white of an egg to a cream and smear it on the article. As in all cements, this must be left to dry thoroughly before using.

The Love-affairs of Charles Dickens.

In Harper's for April Percy Fitzgerald writes interestingly of Dickens in his books. The story of the novelist's first love-affair is particularly interesting to every lover of his works.

"Dickens' first serious love-affair," he says, "is a subject that must be interesting to everybody. Like everything of importance in his youth, it is minutely described in his writings. He was no more than nineteen, so the time was about 1831. It was so great a passion that, as he tells us, for a period of four years it excluded every other thought. After five-and-twenty years, as he told his friend Forster, he could not think of the episode without pain. 'I never can see the face or hear the voice without all the old scene being called up.'

"Now comes the interesting question, whose was this face and voice, and who was this prototype of 'Dora' and 'Mrs. Finching'—who was this youthful love of the thirties when Boz was not twenty years old? We can, indeed, only speculate, but the speculation is very close to certainty. Some years ago a well-known firm of autograph-dealers, who once had for sale the first receipt for the Pickwick copy money, were in possession of a number of early letters of Boz written at this time. They were twelve in number, and were addressed to a friend named Henry Kolle—a clerk in a city bank. The young men became very intimate, walked and rode together, and it was to Kolle that Boz confided his first contribution to a magazine, in a letter that is of extraordinary interest.

"The two friends used to frequent the house of a family named Beadnell, where there were two attractive sisters, to one of whom Kolle became attached. The other was the object of Dickens' affection. Before 1833 Kolle had married. Dickens was not so fortunate. His suit was opposed by the parents—notably by the mother. As would seem from the following letter, the courtship was carried on clandestinely: 'As I was requested in a note I received this morning to forward my answer by the same means as my first note, I am emboldened to ask you if you will be so kind as to deliver the enclosed for me when you practise your customary duet this afternoon.'

"This letter is undated, but it is clearly written when both were bachelors, the favored Kolle practising music with his fiancee, the poor youth Charles forbidden the house. If Miss Beadnell was like 'Dora,' as is said, she must have been a fascinating little creature; and this story quite accords with that of the fictitious maiden. The disagreeable Miss Murdstone, who kept guard over 'Dora,' may have been suggested by the hostile mamma.

"Years later Dickens went to call on his old flame. He saw the stuffed Jip in the hall, and the interview so revived the old feelings that not long after he began the touching episode of 'Dora.' These feelings were of course independent of the rather grotesque ones which the changed appearance and rightly behavior of the heroine produced. And the embodiment of these he reserved for a later story—'Little Dorrit'—when his once fascinating 'Dora' became 'Flora Finching.' Some cynics have dealt rather harshly with Boz for thus ridiculing what should have been sacred to him, but they forget that he had already enshrined all that was tender and romantic in the history in the exquisitely attractive Dora. He was fairly entitled to present this other view of the matter."

+++

Bronze ornaments are easily cleaned by first making the article hot by placing it in hot water, then cleaning it with a piece of flannel dipped in soap suds. It must then be dried and polished with a soft flannel. The whole process should be performed as rapidly as possible.

Immortality.—A Sermon by Lyman Abbott.

(Continued from page 11.)

I have spoken of the Old Testament figures. Contrast with them, for a moment, four of the New Testament figures. The first is sleep. The Psalmist had said, "He giveth His beloved sleep." The New Testament repeats the figure:—"Lazarus sleepeth;" "She is not dead, but sleeping." When Stephen falls a martyr under the shower of stones, it is said of him, "He fell asleep." This is the first figure. The child is weary with his toil and sated with his play. The long shadows fall aslant the lawn, and the mother, wiser than her child, goes out and calls him. Fretfully and reluctantly he comes, answering her beckoning. He does not wish to leave his sports; he wishes still to stay, and she takes him to her arm and rocks him to sleep, that she may fit him for new toil and new happiness on the morrow. Death is Christ standing at the door and saying, Children, your work is over and your plays are done, and twilight has come; let Me give you rest—and we, fretfully and reluctantly answering the summons, come weeping to the grave that will give us what He gives His beloved—sleep.

Death is an exodus. It is said that on the Mount of Transfiguration Christ spoke of the exodus which He was about to accomplish at Jerusalem; it was as a going forth from a land of bondage to a land of liberty. The Children of Israel are in Goshen. They are fed, clothed, housed; but they are slaves. And when Moses comes to summon them, they hesitate to respond to his summons. They dread the Red Sea and the long wilderness journey, and the experiences through which they must pass to the Promised Land. But it is a message of emancipation and deliverance, nevertheless. We are here in a land of Goshen; in bondage to our flesh. Who does not sometimes feel the limitations of his own body? Who does not sometimes feel as though he could understand the impatient bird that wishes to spring from the cage and fly away? And death is the voice of Moses coming to men and saying, "You are to be slaves no longer; you are to be bound by your chains no more; the land of liberty is before you." Death is a proclamation of emancipation.

Death is unmooring. "The time of my unmooring," says Paul, "is at hand." The ship is fastened to the wharf; it is lying there to be finished. It stands in the stays, and the workmen are still upon it with hammer and saw. That is what we are in this life. No man is ever finished. We are here in the making. We are upon the stays, where with tool and implement, with saw and hammer, we are wrought upon—sometimes very much to our discontent—until by a long, slow process a man is made; and then when the time has come and God is ready, He knocks away the underpinning, and the ship breaks from its ways out into the element which we do not understand, but the element for which God is preparing him. In Mrs. Gatty's "Parables from Nature" is a beautiful parable—I wish I could have a congregation of children here a few moments and read it to them—of the grub and the dragon-fly in the water wondering what the world outside is, of which it sometimes hears, and feeling within itself the strange, inexplicable yearning that it cannot understand, and bidding its companion grubs good-by, saying to them, "If there is another world, as they say there is, I will return and tell you all about it;" and finally climbing up out of the water into the sunshine, and emerging from the shell and skimming the surface of the water and sailing about in the upper sphere around the pool, but never able to go back and tell what its emancipation has been. Death is an unmooring; it launches us into our true, real element.

Death is home-coming. "In My Father's house are many mansions." Christ does not mean that in heaven there are many different rooms. What He means is this: in the universe there are a great many dwelling-places; this world is not the only dwelling-place; you are not to imagine that life goes on here merely; in My Father's universe there are a great many different dwelling-places, and I am going to prepare a place for you, that when your time of sleeping, your time of emancipation, your time of unmooring, comes, you may not come to a strange country. Shall we recognize our friends in heaven? I am sometimes asked. Well, we certainly shall, if there is a heaven. Pearly gates and golden streets and magnificent temple and harps do not make heaven. Love makes heaven. And the love of friends, sanctified, consecrated reaching up to love of God, makes home and will make heaven our home. Death is a home-coming.

So my message is the old, old message you have heard so often, but it is worth while to hear it again, at least every Easter. Life is continuous, there is no break; the flower is not cut off by the sirocco; the water is not spilled upon the ground never to be recovered; the weaver's thread is not cut, broken, lost. No! death is Christ saying, Come, weary one, and I will give you rest; death is Christ saying, Come, enslaved one, I will give you liberty; death is Christ saying, Come, immigrant, I will take you out of the land of your bondage: death is Christ saying, Come, lonely and solitary one, I will take you to your home. There are children waiting for some of you; parents waiting for some of you; friends waiting for some of you, the husband is there waiting for the wife, and the wife is there waiting for the husband, and the pastor is there waiting for many a friend; and when we take the mystic ship and sail across the unknown sea, it will not be on a foreign shore that we shall land, but they that have gone before will troop out to welcome us, and we shall be as at home.

Paul says in the First Corinthians that the last enemy to be destroyed is death. He does not mean that by-and-bye it will be destroyed. What he means is this: Of all the enemies men have dreaded, that which they have dreaded most is death, and Christ has destroyed even that. We dread it no more. "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, which hath given us the victory." As on a Christmas Day the father attires himself as Santa Claus and comes in, bringing his hands full of gifts, and the little children do not know him and are frightened at his coming and cry and run away, so death is but Christ disguised—coming to bring rest to the weary, liberty to the enslaved, home to the one who is lonely in a foreign country. Death is destroyed; nay, is transformed. Picture him no longer as a skeleton with scythe and hour-glass in hand. That is pagan. See the cross in the one hand and the outstretched palm in the other, and hear from his lips the invitation, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest, and I will give you life."

Only One Way is right.

"My boy," said Uncle Hiram, once
while giving me advice,
"The saw that doesn't wabble is the
one that cuts the ice.
The saw that close applies itself, within
its narrow groove,
Will soon or late fulfill its work by keeping on the move.
When halfway through, temptation may
beset it, like as not,
To leave the place that seemeth hard and
seek a thinner spot;
But, shifting saws will learn, at length,
when failure they invite;
There's many a way o' doin' things, but
only one way's right!

"And bear in mind, my boy, through life,
if tempted tasks to shirk,
Success is but a second crop, the aftermath of Work.
A lubricator tried and true is Perseverance Oil,
And Fortune's smile is rarely won except by honest toil.
A safe cross cut to Fame or Wealth has
never yet been found,
The men upon the heights to day are
those who've gone around
The longest way, inspired by the sayin',
somewhat trite,
There's many a way o' doin' things, but
only one way's right."

I knew my Uncle Hiram had achievement's summit reached;
I knew him as an honest man who practised what he preached -
And so I paid the lesson heed, and rapt attention gave,
When, in added afterthought, he said:
"My boy, be brave!
Act well your part; tenaciously to one
straight course adhere;
Though men declare you're in a rut - work on, and never fear;
You'll realize, when you, at length, have
reached achievement's height:
There's many a way o' doin' things, but
only one way's right!"

—Success.

One one Robson.

"Robson, do you know why you are like a donkey?" "Like a donkey?" echoed Robson, opening his eyes wide. "I don't." "Because your better half is stubbornness itself." The jest pleased Robson immensely, for he at once saw the opportunity of a glorious dig at his wife. So when he got home he said: "Mrs. Robson, do you know why I am like a donkey?" He waited a moment, expecting his wife to give it up. But she didn't. She looked at him somewhat pityingly, as she answered, "I suppose it's because you were born so."

Uses for lemons: If the hair is falling out, rub the pulp of a lemon on the scalp. A few drops of lemon-juice will mitigate the pain of a bee sting. A headache may be relieved by rubbing the temples with a slice of lemon. Ink stains may be removed from white goods by rubbing promptly with a slice of lemon. If the complexion is not clear, squeeze a lemon into a quart of milk and rub the face with it night and morning. A corn or bunion may be relieved thus: After bathing the afflicted foot in hot water, a few drops of lemon juice on the toe will be found very soothing. A wash for whitening the hands is made of glycerine and lemon juice in equal parts. Use it at night, wear gloves, and rub the hands with lemon juice in the morning.

To wash leather gloves, draw the gloves on the hands and wash carefully in warm (not hot) water, using white Castile soap. Rub well, being sure that all soiled spots are removed. Then remove the gloves and rinse thoroughly in clear warm water. Dry quickly before a fire, or in the hot sun, as they shrink less in this way. Draw carefully on the hands before they are quite dry, in order to preserve the shape and prevent the leather from hardening.

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This new garment can be worn with or without a corset. It is especially adapted for slender figures. It is worn to obtain the *Low Bust and Straight Front* effect now so much in vogue. No careful dresser should be without one. Made of fine white netting for summer wear; braced with Featherbone which will not break and covered with sateen strips.

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PAT. JAN. 10, 1899 **BRUSH & CO.,**
Dept. J, TORONTO, Ont.

Lionel Ardon of Ardon Manor.

(Continued from page 13)

I looked contemptuously at him, so little of the man was there in him.

"I am not afraid," I answered; "and even were it so, Lady Jane would thank me for trying to keep her lovely head from the weight of the unfortunate crown."

I left him and went to the room I had first entered. I sat down before the fire, and resting my head on my arm, pondered over the uncertain future. I recognized that any attempt to influence the Duke was energy wasted; my long, hard ride had been in vain, and I knew I might as well return to the Court. Nature demands rest, and I called for a room, and was soon resting in a high bed, with the moonlight streaming in at the windows. I fell asleep, and awoke much refreshed in the cold, grey dawn. On reaching the room downstairs, I saw the landlord stirring a very recent fire, and noticed that he was apparently listening intently.

"What now, John?" I asked. "Where is the Duke of Suffolk and those of his party who were here?"

"He's gone, sir," he answered, straightening up and smiling broadly. "And it's good luck I'll wish their backs. I'll take no Lady Jane for a Queen," he continued, seeing that I listened. "Queen Mary's not doing right, but she's Henry's daughter and belongs on the throne," he added, shaking his head.

"But when did the Duke go?" I asked breaking in on his garrulous tongue.

"Before 'twas fairly light," he answered, "and I thought I heard hoofs in the distance," he said, listening again.

"Right you are," I responded, after listening a moment, for the sound of many hoofs was now plain. I stepped to the door, and opening it looked down the road. I could see a large body of men swiftly approaching, and I watched them earnestly. A few moments brought the leader to the inn door. I knew him as he dismounted. His uniform was soiled and mussed from travel. His face was stern, with blue eyes under heavy brows looking like eagles from the crags. His mouth was set and heavy. It was the Earl of Huntington at the head of his army. I knew his errand as he approached and glanced swiftly at me, his face changed to surprise.

"Why, Lord Ardon, I thought you were in London. Surely you haven't joined the Duke?"

"Hardly," I answered, cordially shaking his outstretched hand; "I am alone."

"Where is the Duke?" he asked, glancing beyond me into the inn.

"He was here last night, for I talked with him," I responded. "The landlord said he left early this morning."

Without further words he went past me, and his stern voice addressed my trembling host.

"You're sure he's gone, are you?" the Earl said quickly.

"Yes," the man answered; "at early dawn."

"Which way, fellow?" the Earl inquired.

"To the north," he responded, closely watching the titled Lord before him.

The Earl studied him a moment, then going to the door, he called two of his men. "Search this house closely," he commanded.

The landlord expostulated. "Silence," the Earl exclaimed: "nothing will be harmed."

The search was made, but the Duke of Suffolk, with his brothers and party, was not there. Then he turned to me, and asked if I would accompany him. I accepted, and was soon mounted and riding by his side. We kept a sharp lookout for the Duke's party, and about noon began to find nearer tracks of them. The afternoon was waning when we saw them ahead, and the Earl gave his orders quickly and sternly. We put our horses to a run, and soon were upon them. The Duke and his followers turned and faced us doggedly, and the Earl charged. It was a crash and a shock when the two sides came together. But it was not long before the Duke began to waver. I had my hands full with a determined little man who met my blade with equal coolness and skill. Our horses pranced about each other, while we leaned this way and that to the time of our clicking steel. But meanwhile the Earl had broken and scattered the Duke's line, and they retreated and fled in all directions. My opponent held out to the last; then, seeing how matters lay, he gave a final thrust, and turning his horse was off after the others. We went in hot pursuit and a chase it was. The Duke and his brothers were far ahead and the Earl hard after them. Mile after mile passed beneath our horses' hoofs and finally, a little past dusk, we followed them as, beaten and exhausted, they entered a little town.

It was the work of only a few moments to arrest them. The Duke offered no resistance, seeming to be bereft of life now that the blow had fallen. He quietly surrendered his sword and mounted his horse and we prepared for our journey back with a new relay of horses and started toward London. There was no stopping for rest with the Earl of Huntington at our head. We rode all that night, exhausted nearly to inability to sit our saddles, but some way holding on through habit and will.

The dawn broke bright for that season of the year and the morning air was fresh and invigorating. We were a tired looking party and the horses, so fresh at starting, were keeping up with drooping heads. The Duke rode like a man in a dream. Deep shadows lay beneath his eyes and his lips were white and set. He had not once glanced at me, though I rode close to him. His brother took it more indifferently, though they were greatly exhausted and sat heavily in their saddles. It was noon when we reached the tower, where the Duke and his brother were imprisoned. Then I went to my rooms and throwing off my clothes I was soon in a deep, heavy selep.

(To be Continued.)

Married Yet in Love.

(Continued from page 3.)

Life Partners of Musicians.

It accords with the fitness of things when great musicians live harmoniously with their life partners. We like to know that Weber called his home his "sweet nest," that Donizetti and his wife "loved as a pair of lovers." After Schumann and his wife were married eight or ten years they would sit down to the piano side by side and perform piece after piece together, she playing the treble with her right hand, he the bass with his left. Often their disengaged arms were locked round each other's waists in an embrace of mutual affection. For many years after her husband's death Mme. Schumann interpreted his music to the public as only she could. Before doing so she used to read over some of his old, old love letters that he wrote to her during the days of their courtship, so that, as she said, she might be "better able to do justice to her interpretation of the spirit of his work." Another case of love not being "made a vague regret," of souls dreaming of heaven and not being mistaken, is furnished by the marriage of the mother of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, who thus wrote to David Garrick:—"It will to-morrow be one and twenty years since Lord Spencer married me, and I verily believe that we have neither of us repented of our lot from that time to this."

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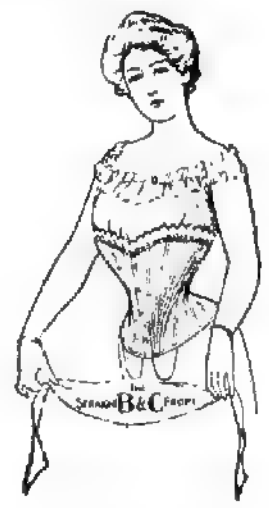

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ANYBODY COULD SEE THEM.

"Do you see specks before your eyes?" inquired the oculist.

"Why, I wear 'em right along, you chump!" answered Uncle Nehemiah, with some vexation. "Can't you see 'em?"

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Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Selected Reading for Leisure Moments.

(Continued from page 11.)

"Oh, no!" said Mrs. Waring, sweetly. "Of course, if you think you can't do anything, there's nothing left for me but to call in another doctor."

"I'm in your hands," said Lorin, rather stiffly. He was a little angry, as well as greatly bewildered. After a pause he added, "I don't look upon you as a patient, Mrs. Waring; I regard you as a friend."

"Then why didn't you come to dinner to-night?"

The question so startled the doctor that he rose and began to pace the room.

"I declined the invitation," he said, "from sheer necessity. I've been overworked. I was tired to death."

"I always thought there was room in this house for a second doctor."

Mrs. Waring spoke meditatively and, as it were, to herself.

"I regret that I cannot agree with you," he said. And then, as though he had not before observed it, he picked up the rose which had fallen from the lovely widow's hair. He stood facing her and looked down upon her with his most searching professional gaze. Coming a little nearer, still with the same close scrutiny, he said, "Turn your face towards the light, please."

She obeyed.

"Ah!" he said.

"What is it?" she said.

"Don't be alarmed; I beg you not to be alarmed! It's extraordinary how one may sometimes be deceived. I suppose I was a little overtired—too dull to observe carefully."

"To observe what?" she asked, rather breathlessly.

"Merely a little indication of something which I had overlooked. You would be none the wiser if I told you the technical name."

"Is it dangerous?"

"Not dangerous, I think—I hope, not dangerous. . . . And now, Mrs. Waring, I would recommend you to go to bed. It is nearly 3 o'clock. Get up in the morning as usual. I will call at about eleven."

When Mrs. Waring rose to say goodbye, the doctor observed that her color had faded somewhat.

In the hall he met Mrs. Topham, whom he reassured with a few commonplaces. Just as he was going out a young man emerged from a room thick with tobacco-smoke.

"I suppose all this bother about my cousin doesn't amount to much?" he asked.

"Not much, Peterson, I hope; but still——," and the doctor gazed at the ceiling.

"I hoped it was no more than some silly woman's fancy," said Peterson. "Don't look so tragic, Lorin! She'll get over it, won't she?"

"I trust so," said the doctor; "I trust so. But one never knows. Even I was deceived at first," and, with that enigmatic saying, he stepped into the street. He had no further calls that night, but before retiring for the second time he put the rose carefully in water. "Do I do that," he asked himself, "from professional or sentimental motives?" The answers which came to him in his dreams were painfully contradictory.

The next morning, and for several mornings following Lorin called upon Mrs. Waring. At intervals the boy from the neighboring drug store carried bottles to the house, wrapped up in the neatest of white paper and carefully sealed with red wax. The neighbors grew quite excited, and the report spread that Mrs. Waring was seriously ill. The doctor, however, gave no information, and when leading questions were addressed to him he deftly put them aside. The medical gentleman on Madison avenue, who was generally considered his rival, was not called in.

About a week after the first summons the doctor walked up to the house with an air of determination.

Mrs. Waring was seated on the couch on which he had found her on that eventful evening a week before.

"Well, how are we this morning?" he asked, cheerfully.

"A little better, I think, but rather—upset."

"Upset? How upset? I gave particular instructions that you were not to be worried in any way."

"It wouldn't interest you to know, doctor."

"But it's my duty to insist upon knowing."

"It was a purely personal matter."

"Personal or not," said the doctor, "it may in some way influence my treatment of your case."

"Must you insist?"

"'Insist' is a hard word, Mrs. Waring."

"Well, would you like to know?"

"Most certainly!" said the doctor.

"Then," said Mrs. Waring, "you shall. My cousin, Mr. Peterson, proposed to me this morning."

The doctor almost whistled.

"In the capacity of nurse?" he asked.

"He had an idea that I might like to marry him."

"And you?"

"The suggestion did not interest me," said Mrs. Waring.

"Ah!" said the doctor. "And yet the notion was not a bad one. I had something of the same sort in my own mind."

"You?"

"Yes. I was going to propose——" The doctor paused.

"What?"

"To you," he answered. "Your case is one which requires the most watchful attention. Only as a husband could I guarantee to effect a cure. In fact," continued the doctor, "as I said at first, there's nothing **whatever** the matter with you; your constitution is perfect."

"Then why these visits, this medicine, these alarming hints?"

"My dear lady," said the doctor, "why this simulation of illness, this dragging an unfortunate man from his bed at the dead of night? It seems to me that your explanation should come first."

Mrs. Waring laid her hands in the doctor's. She smiled.

"I felt that you had slighted me," she said.

"And I," said the doctor, "felt that your acting was so good that you should be encouraged in it—for a week. Will you remain my patient?"

The answer might have been read by intelligent observers in the doctor's radiant face as he visited his other patients.

A Handsome Menu Card.

It is a noticeable fact that the dining car department of the Grand Trunk Railway system is second to none on the American continent, and new improvements and modern innovations are continually being made. The cafe-parlor cars which have been running on nearly all of the divisions of this great system are a constant source of praise from the travelling public. The company has recently altered the style of the menu cards used on all of the dining cars and cafe-parlor cars, and have gotten up a very handsome and neat bill of fare that appeals to the artistic sense. The stock used is what is known as Old English Ruskin Bristol of fine texture, and misty grey in color. The Grand Trunk trade mark in black appears at the top left-hand corner, surrounded by a neat combination of scroll work of Italian renaissance design, printed in gold and embossed in high relief. The name of the meal is also embossed in high relief, and the tout ensemble is a pleasing and artistic combination. The wine lists have the same design at top and are printed on the same quality of card, but an olivette color for distinction.

The Happy, Happy Farmer.

Oh, happy, happy farmer, who lives
seven miles from town,
Has no furnace in the basement that
must now be shaken down;
He doesn't have to hurry out to catch
the train and then
Work behind a desk and worry as the
slave of other men;
No superior berates him for the small
mistakes he makes,
He is not denied employment for the
little rule he breaks.
And he needn't, when he's weary from
the duties of the day,
Hurry to some distant station, dodging
footpads on the way.

Oh, the happy, happy farmer, he just
hustles out of bed
And goes shivering for the kindling,
which he chops out in the shed;
Then, while maw is getting breakfast,
he runs out to milk the cows
And to pry the frozen hay up from
dusty, musty mows;
Oh, he milks away at Bossy and his
hands are cracked and sore,
But he thinks with kindly pity of the
pale clerk in the store,
And he curries down the horses and
at last, all hairy, goes
In to breakfast, with the odor of the
stable in his nose.

Oh, the happy, happy farmer doesn't
have to pay a cent
To a landlord who is heartless when he
comes to claim his rent;
The luckless clerk is worried when some
other man than he
Is promoted to a station where he
knows he ought to be,
And his wife—his poor wife—nags him
just because she cannot fly
To a perch beside some neighbor who is
roosting rather high;
He must walk an aisle from morning
till they close the doors at night,
And go home to find the water in the
laundry frozen tight.

Oh, the happy, happy farmer wades in
snow up to his knees
Out to where the wintry demons have
been overturning trees,
And he chops and nearly freezes while
the mad winds howl away,
And the echoes of his mauling ring
among the trees all day;
The snow gets in his boot-tops and the
frost bites at his ears,
While the noises he produces are the
only sounds he hears,
And at night he thaws the pump loose
and goes out to do the chores,
Where the snow, in long, thin ridges,
filters through the stable doors.

Oh, the happy, happy farmer, what a
careless life he leads!
Instead of always buying, he just raises
what he needs;
His neighbors don't ignore him if he's
not as rich as they—
All he has to do is work to keep the
old grey wolves away;
The coal man and the plumber never
crowd him to the wall;
He just keeps forever paying for farm
implements, that's all;
And at night he needn't dress and blow
three dollars for the treat
Of beholding a performance that's worth
fifty cents a seat.

FOUND AT LAST!

A SHIRT WAIST HOLDER and SKIRT SUPPORTER that is always ready for use. Holds waist down and skirt up. Absolutely no sewing on either. Reduces waist line. Made of webbing and aluminum. Will not rust or corrode. Beware of worthless infringements. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

If you buy it, it will support your waist. If you sell it, it will support you. Send 25c. for sample.

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"A Wife's Secret."
50,000 TO BE GIVEN AWAY
A NEW BOOK Just Published

This book contains much information and many facts of special interest to women. It is intended for the express benefit of ladies who are suffering with diseases or maladies peculiar to their sex, or who desire to know more of their own natures in order that they may preserve health. It describes diseases, and tells how they may be cured at home. Every woman should have this book; it will give you advice and information you cannot obtain elsewhere except at considerable expense. By request we will send one book, A WIFE'S SECRET, free by mail, in a plain wrapper, to any one sending us their name and address.

Ezra Publishing Co., 132 Victoria St., Toronto

Alum water will restore almost all faded colors. Brush the faded article thoroughly to free it from dust, wash it well with Castile soap, rinse with clear water, and turn alum water, and the color will usually be much brighter than before.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

The Boy, the Bank, and the Dime

A Tale with a Moral for Fathers.

ONCE there was a boy, about seven years old, whose parents thought he was flawless. He was petted every day, and by leaps and bounds he grew into the idea that the earth and the fullness thereof was his. He became arbitrary in his methods and not only gave the neighbors, but also his parents, much trouble. Neither his father nor his mother was particularly "keen" on psychology, and so matters drifted along until the time came when the father awoke to a realization of the fact of his offspring's degeneracy. He came, also, face to face with the collateral fact that something would have to be done in the way of child-government, or the time would speedily arrive when even a revolution would do no good. He therefore resolved to begin with the inculcation of the great and basic laws of frugality. If, he reasoned, he could teach his son and heir the value of money and self-denial, a great step forward would have been taken, and the way consequently would be opened for education along other lines toward which the youth had so far manifested the utmost repugnancy.

Filled with those thoughts, and others in which his son constantly figured as a bright and shining star, the father bought a toy bank that was so constructed that it would receive dimes to the extent of five dollars, but unless the full complement of fifty dimes had been faithfully deposited within the precincts of the bank there was no such thing as withdrawals. Until the aforesaid deposit, the bank was securely locked, but when it held five dollars' worth of dimes it could then be easily opened and the money placed in a real savings bank, there to draw compound interest and to double itself, from time to time, as the years rolled by. The father brought the bank proudly home, thinking of the time when his son should figure among the world's great capitalists and financiers and be able to trace the origin of his wealth to the little bank he was about to give him. It was an inspiring thought, and the reveries into which this father fell because of it were very pleasant indeed. He dreamed, as fathers will, and when he reached home he was not a little disappointed to find that the boy had been put to bed and was sleeping quietly. He explained his ideas to his wife, and wanted to awaken the lad in order to impress the scheme upon him, so that no time should be lost with his new education. His wife demurred, however, and so the father was obliged to wait until the next morning before presenting the matter to the young savage, who was to be the subject of an experiment with which he was destined to be entirely out of sympathy.

At breakfast the father made a rather neat little speech to his son, and gave into his hands the bank and a dime, to put into it, that should serve as a nucleus about which might gather his wealth and capital that was to be. He also promised further contributions if the boy would be good. The young man was engaged in eating his breakfast while his father was talking about the bank, and it must be confessed that the charms of the cereals that were a part of the family menu, together with the accompanying milk, were greater than was the rudimentary system of finance that was parentally outlined. In due time the father went down town to do business. The son remained at home for the same purpose, as it afterward appeared. When the young man had quite finished eating (because there remained nothing else to eat) he turned his languishing attention to the bank that his father had given him. He knew there was a dime therein, because he had seen it placed inside. He could also hear it rattle when he shook the bank.

His mother was a trifle busy, and went upstairs, rejoiced to think that she could leave the young man with the bank and the contemplation of it. When his mother had retired, his interest in the bank seemed to intensify. He shook it, and the rattle of the imprisoned dime was again distinctly perceptible. He shook it more fiercely, and the sound of infinitesimal but hoarded wealth was hollow. He shook the bank a third time, and then it slipped from his fingers and fell with a crash to the marquetry floor. The bank, which was quite heavy, struck on its sharp corner and broke a piece out of the floor that cost one dollar and fifty cents to have replaced a few days later. The boy picked up the fallen bank and looked at it very hard. He did not even glance at the damaged floor. He tried rather to pry the bank open with a silver fork, the result being that the prongs of the fork were snapped off. He began to be annoyed. He finally struck the iron bank right smartly with his little fist, which bruised him. This made him quite angry. Throwing the offending bank on the floor, and thereby making an additional dent in it, he kicked it with one of the new shoes he chanced to have on, in such a way as to rend a most unsightly hole in the shoe that did the kicking. He realized vaguely that his progress in breaking the bank was something like the progress of most of those who have tried this sort of thing on a larger scale at Monte Carlo.

In a reflective mood he picked up his bank once more and turned it over and over again. Visions of the candy, gum, soda and other edible and semi-edible juvenile joys that the dime in that useless bank would buy rose up before him and overmastered him. He went to his father's tool chest, where he had so often been told not to go. He lifted the heavy lid, and there, right on top, lay a hammer. It fairly invited him to use it. Temptation carried him away captive. He grasped the hammer and struck the bank with all his little might. The edge of the hammer was chipped off, and there was a dent in the new bank. That was all. He hammered away at the bank until there were many dents in it, but the run upon the bank was valiantly resisted. The hammer was but a delusion and a snare. He put it back in the chest and closed the lid with a bang. The thought of the dime so near and yet so far was most aggravating. He thought and thought and thought. There was nothing promising that presented itself by means of which he could make that dime negotiable. He took the bank out in the back yard, where the walks were flagged. He threw it several times on the flagstones. The only results were more dents. The bank began to look a trifle battered. Its capital was as yet, however, entirely unimpaired. He took the bank into the house again and put it on the hot kitchen range. Some of the bright paint sputtered up and came off, but there was no further result.

At last an idea came to the child that seemed promising. He took it up the street, and when fairly out of sight of his own house he placed the bank upon the car track and then ran back to wait for a passing car. Presently the car came with a rush and was gone, scattering sparks in transit. The car simply pushed the bank off the track. The boy put it back and possessed his soul with such patience as he could. The four following cars likewise swept the bank harmlessly from the track, but the fifth, a fifteen-ton car, struck it a little on the slant and the bank was left fragmentary. With a shout of triumph the youthful spendthrift snatched the dime from the roadbed where it lay, and with it safely in his hand he ran off to the nearest candy store, where he bought sweetmeats until the dime was gone. Then he went out and enjoyed the confections until they, too, were gone.

There is no need to tell what the moral of this tale is, nor to mention the doctor's charges for attendance on the child because of the candy eaten for which the dime paid. It would be worse than useless to point out wherein the father failed in his application of first-class moral teaching. Nor would anything be gained by tabulating the language of the father when the damage was footed up. These items are familiar to parents with boys in the family and are quite commonplace. So, for that matter, is this little story of the boy, the bank, and the dime.

Royal Muskoka Hotel.

This new, modern, up-to-date hotel was opened for the reception of guests in 1901. It is situated in the centre of the finest summer resort region in America, known as the Muskoka Lakes, within easy reach of the principal points in Canada and the United States. The interior of the hotel is planned to the best advantage for comfort, and convenience, special attention being given to ventilation and sanitary arrangements. Its spacious suites, with handsome bathrooms attached, are especially adapted to either large or small families. Cuisine and service are the best. Open for guests June 15th. For further particulars, descriptive matter and all information write M. C. Dickson, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

The Question of Dress.

Mrs. Roosevelt, like her husband, is evidently bent on pursuing an original line of action. She has seriously proposed to reform ladies' evening dress, and a contemporary has elicited the opinion of a Bond street artist about the matter. The trouble appears to be that the present evening gowns of ladies are somewhat too decollete, and the idea is that the fair ones should wear "dinner jackets" to prevent them from catching cold. It is also stated that dinner dresses are being made "higher." The fact is that it only wants the fashion to be set by a recognized leader, and we shall see all our women muffled at the neck—although the women with pretty shoulders will be loath to see the old regime change.

Tested by Time.—In his justly-celebrated Pills Dr. Parmelee has given to the world one of the most unique medicines offered to the public in late years. Prepared to meet the want for a pill which could be taken without nausea, and that would purge without pain, it has met all requirements in that direction, and it is in general use not only because of these two qualities, but because it is known to possess alterative and curative powers which place it in the front rank of medicines.

JUST ABOUT WOMEN.

Perhaps no poem has been more widely and continuously copied than that entitled "What I Live For." It never loses its charm or popularity. It was written in 1855, by Dr. Martha T. Spencer Neff, and appeared in The Theocrat, Harmony Springs, Ark., of which the author was then editor and publisher. Mrs. Neff established Harmony Springs, its name being suggested to her by the number of springs there.

Nuns as Printers.

In Wandsworth there is a printing department run entirely by the nuns. It is used principally for the printing of sacred books for the use of choirs, such as hymnals, psalters, missals and the like. The productions do not bear the stamp of the amateur in the least, and the high standard of excellence is particularly shown in the music printing.

A Seven-year Task.

An old lady named Standon has just died at Slough, England, who some years ago decided to write out the whole of the Bible, setting aside Sunday only on which to perform her task. It took the old lady seven years to complete her self-imposed labor. The manuscript was then bound by the writer, who at the time was seventy-one years of age.

The Oaf's Answer.

Among the many replies which Kipling's poetical rebuke to England anent the Boer war provoked, the following is, perhaps, the best, being a parody and a reply. It undoubtedly touches the "Laureate of Gore" on the tender spots. It was originally published in The London (England) Star:

Fenced by our patient fathers, ringed by our peaceful seas,
Long did we wake in quiet, and long lie down at ease,
Till you said of Strife:—"Where is it?" of the Sword:—"Let it flash again!"
Till you made a god of wanton war and an idol of armed men.
We stopped our ears to the warning—we would neither look nor heed—
We set our hate above our laws, and our lust above our need.
Because of our witless rancor, and our pitiless pride of race,
We grudged our brothers freedom, and our friends a resting-place.
You blustered and bragged and bellowed, and we paid when you bade us "pay,"
But where are the fifty thousand men that you twanged to Table Bay?
For soon were the Judgments loosened, soon was our shame revealed,
At the hands of a little people, few but apt in the field.
Though now they are only a remnant (and Milner has started his "Star")
You ask for more of our millions and more of our flesh for war.
Sons you would tear from their mothers, lads from their lasses sweet,
And brush them under the wheels of war like the dust and dirt of the street.
And what did you look they should compass? Glory that fades like a breath,
Glory to Gold in the highest at the price of a brother's death?
So! And we asked:—"Is it glory to hollow the veldt with graves,
And to build a gilded empire on the backs of beaten slaves?"
But you said:—"The war is over"; but you said:—"The end is come,"
And we swallowed the hocus of Hatfield, we swallowed lie of Brum
Then we returned to our vomit, then we contented our souls
With the kipling fools at the pothouse, and the rudyard oafs at the polls.
Given to strong delusion, wholly believing a lie,
We saw that the war was not over, and we let the months go by,
Waiting some easy wonder; hoping some saving signs,
Cheated—openly cheated—for the sake of the Sacred Mines.
Cheated—and sick of your boasting, ah, what is your boasting worth,
When the ink you fling is a blotch of blood on the rotting Earth?
It was not made with the mountains; it is not one with the deep.
Fools and oafs devised it. Fools and oafs must keep.
Fools, not men, belaud you, oafs, not men adore,
How should men applaud you, O Laureate of Gore?

The Czarina of Russia and the Duchess of Cornwall are said to be trying to revive the old fashion of wearing earrings.

A Cure for Fever and Ague.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are compounded for use in any climate, and they will be found to preserve their powers in any latitude. In fever and ague they act upon the secretions and neutralize the poison which has found its way into the blood. They correct the impurities which find entrance into the system through drinking water or food, and if used as a preventive are avoided.

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Purely Vegetable. Harmless and Positive. No Failure. Your reduction is assured—reduce to stay. One month's treatment, $4.00. Mail or office, 1370 BROADWAY, New York. Reduction guaranteed. "On obesity Dr. Gibbs is the recognized authority."—N. Y. Press, 1892. "The cure is based on Nature's laws."—N. Y. Herald July 9, 1893

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Can you arrange these five different groups of letters into the names of five (5) former presidents of the United States? If so you can share in the distribution of the above. We will give away $1200.00 in cash and Four Genuine Grand Upright Pianos among those who enter this contest, and will work for our interest. READ CAREFULLY. REMEMBER we do not want one cent of your money when you answer this contest. In making the five names the letters can only be used in their own groups and as many times as they appear in each individual group, and no letter can be used which does not appear in its own group. After you have arranged the five groups and formed the five correct names, write them out plainly and send to us and you will receive our reply by return mail. TRY AND WIN. If you make the five correct names and send them to us at once, who knows but you may get a big cash prize and possibly a piano. We hope you will, and anyhow it costs you nothing to try. WOOD PUBLISHING CO., Dept. 82 394 Atlantic Ave., Box 3124, Boston, Mass.

THE TURK AT HOME.

The domestic Turkish woman is rather large and stolid looking, careless as to her dress, and of a simple and amiable character. She has a very easy life compared with that of her American sisters. There is not much housekeeping in a Turkish house, and what there is is done by slaves and servants, who consider themselves permanent members of the family and realize what is expected of them. Rooms furnished with rugs and divans are comparatively easy to keep in order. There is a chef in the kitchen, who sends his best efforts to the dining-room in the men's apartments, a place seldom visited by the women of the household. Their own simple food is served to them at irregular intervals, when they feel hungry. There is perhaps a French governess to teach the children, who does not like the irregular life of the harem, and an exception is made in her favor, and she dines at the master's table, where the food is served more to her taste. Her apartments are, however, in the side of the house belonging to the women, which is entirely separate from the other half of the establishment.

The domestic Turkish woman does not look after the house particularly, nor have much care of the children. When things go wrong she is not held responsible, but the lord of the household calls up the servant or slave in charge of that department of work and threatens him with unknown evils if he does not mend his ways. The lady of the house does not necessarily know how to sew or even to read and write, although that degree of ignorance is now quite rare in large cities. She spends her time in smoking, drinking coffee and overlooking the nurses who have the care of the children' Life to her is quiet and monotonous, and the chief elements of her thought are items of local gossip. She especially enjoys going to the Turkish bath, to spend the day there according to the custom, accompanied by all the children and women servants of the household. The paraphernalia of the bath is prepared early in the morning and sent to the public bathhouse by a porter, and consists of suits of wearing apparel for all, rich sets of Turkish towels to wear in the bath, cigarettes, luncheon, cooked and prepared at home, and the necessary utensils for making coffee. Who in America can enjoy the luxury of a bath that lasts all day, undisturbed by hurry or anxiety, or any thought of neglected duties?

Turn now to that product of modern progress, the educated Mohammedan woman. She may be found here and there, perhaps in the harems of princes or of pashas, or even sometimes in the middle classes of society, although she is not commonly found anywhere as yet. She reads English, French and German readily, with a good pronunciation, having the aptitude for languages usually found with Turkish women. She knows all about American life. She knows that there are four States in America where women vote, and often wonders when there will be any voting in Turkely, either for men or women. She reads the daily papers and has decided opinions not yet possible. Her influence in the press is already felt, and one may foresee that she will form one of the elements in the forces that will change the conditions of Turkish life.

TO YE FAYRE MAYDE WYTH YE PYNES.

Ye neddlynge pynes ye claspe wyth grace
Are not soe fayre
As is ye bloome whych on your face
Is softe & rare,
Ye one pynk in your wondrous hair
Is sad..e & lone,
For that ye glorie whych is there
It maye not owne.

Nowe, pynks bloome gaille o'er ye land,
& are admyred;
Theyre perfume, by ye breezes fanned,
Is moche desyred;
Yet, wyth you here, all of ye pynks
Are soone forgot,
For they are everiewhere methynkes,
But you are not.

—W. D. NESBIT.

A POPULAR HEALTH RESORT.

The Grand Trunk Railway system have included in the large list of summer and winter resorts which they are bringing before the public, the Sanitarium at St. Catharines, Ont., a retreat for rest and recuperation. A mineral spring from which the water flows, and which is used for bathing and massage purposes at this establishment, was discovered years ago, and has been the means of attracting hundreds of the best class of people from the south to enjoy the benefits derived from bathing in it.

Considerably denser than sea water, the effects are very marked, and when heated and skilfully applied cures rheumatism, gout, scrofula, neuralgia, liver trouble, skin diseases and cases of nervous prostration. Many of the cures are simply wonderful. The waters of this spring are referred to in Encyclopaedia Britannica, Appleton's American Encyclopaedia, Hare's System of Therapeutics, etc.

It is only during the last few years that a commodious Sanitarium has been established at this point, combining rest-cure and family hotel.

Copies of a neat little booklet giving further particulars may be had by applying to M. C. Dickson, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

AFTER THE DAY'S TOIL.

WHAT DOES YOUR FACE SAY!

We have made arrangements with

PALMA, Prof. J. H. P. Brown of Montreal, the Famous Physiognomist,

for face and head readings in these columns. Palma is one of the greatest artists in his line in the world, and will faithfully portray peculiarities of disposition, objectionable facial expressions and how to counteract them.

He will tell about **your health** and **how** to **maintain it, proper position** in **life** and right **selection in wedlock.**

A charge of from one to two dollars is usually made for such a reading, but **any subscriber renewing her subscription** or sending us in one new name at seventy-five cents will be entitled to **a free reading.**

In order to obtain the same, forward a photograph, with name and address on back, and enclose postage if photograph is to be returned.

Address: PALMA, THE LADIES' JOURNAL

Attracts Snakes.

It is a curious fact that there are certain kinds of noises which attract snakes. For instance, the whirr of the mowing machine, instead of scaring these reptiles, as might be supposed, seems both to allure and enrage them, and they almost invariably dart toward it, rearing themselves in front of the machine, which, of course, promptly chops off their heads. In six months as many as 120 cobras alone have thus been slaughtered on a grass farm in India.

Afraid of a Mirror.

"Lions object to mirrors," observes a keeper in a menagerie. "On one occasion a looking-glass in the hands of a small boy so frightened and excited our largest lion that we feared that he would injure himself. The wretched youngster had drawn a hand mirror from beneath his coat and held it before the face of the king of beasts. The latter looked and jumped for the rival whom he thought he saw. The bars of his cage dashed him back again and again, while he filled the whole house with terrific roars.

M.O.P.—From your physical make we have activity, energy and depth of thought, coupled with a body able to endure suffering and considerable privation. You show also a strong development of coquettishness. Tact, affability, perseverance, self-reliance, firmness and combativeness, with considerable love of approbation, home, friends and country, locality, taste, refinement, love of art and music, as also imitation, are well shown in your face and forehead.

The man you would choose as a partner would have to be more or less of an ideal. To be properly mated you should be allied to a man of medium height, plump and round, of a ruddy hue, well developed head, slightly receding from the root of the nose backward. You partake a great deal of your father's traits, and come from a long-lived line of ancestors. You should see 75 years of age.

Be careful of such diseases as neuralgia and rheumatism; also beware of the liver and the contraction of sarcoma.

Be less timid and risk more. You have good planning and scheming talents, and should employ them. You can be led, but are very hard to drive.

Cultivate chest and shoulders by arm and good breathing exercises; massage under the eyes by gliding the index and middle finger well vaselined from outer angles of the eyes inwards.

You would make a splendid elocutionist and a first-class surgeon's nurse.

Home Notes.

A heat and moist proof cement is a handy thing to have. Here is one that is warranted to fill cracks in kettles, close seams in pans and mend all sorts of things, remaining perfectly indifferent to subsequent trials by heat or water: Get some powdered litharge and mix it with glycerine till thick and soft as putty. After these two elements have thoroughly blended the cement is ready to be applied.

—✦—

To clean white straw hats, brush well with clean water to remove all dust, and then place in an airtight box out of doors for twenty minutes, putting into the box a small pan of powdered sulphur, lighted. When taken out place in the sun to dry thoroughly. This process will make the hat look as well as new.

—✦—

To prevent stings and bites of insects when in the country or at the seashore, the best remedy is to apply to the exposed parts of the skin essence of pennyroyal. If stung, paint the injured parts at once with a paste of starch powder moistened with equal parts of chloroform and Eau de Cologne.

AP5 L33 xv Vol Reserve

DO YOU WANT A FOUNTAIN PEN?

During the past few months we have given away absolutely free to our subscribers all over the country, hundreds of Fountain Pens.

HAVE YOU GOT ONE?

The opportunity is still open. We want all of our subscribers to have one. The Ladies' Journal state that you want a Pen and we will forward one at once, you a single cent. If you have recently renewed send us one new subscriber at Pen free.

DO YOU WANT ONE?

In renewing your subscription to charges prepaid, without costing $1.00 and we will send you the

Remember every renewal and every new subscription at $1.00 entitles the sender to one of our **genuine vulcanized rubber barrel, gold plated point Fountain Pens.** This cut give some idea of its appearance, but the following letters, a few of the hundreds received from subscribers who have tried the pens, are more convincing.

HARRIET BROWN, Revelstoke, B. C., says under date of April 9th:—"I must write and thank you for the nice fountain pen you sent me; I am trying it and it writes perfectly. It is much better than I expected."

MRS. J. W. WOODSIDE, Margate, P.E.I., says:—"I received the fountain pen today. It is better than I expected it to be. It is really a very handsome present and I am more than pleased with it. I do not know how you can send such an article with your paper."

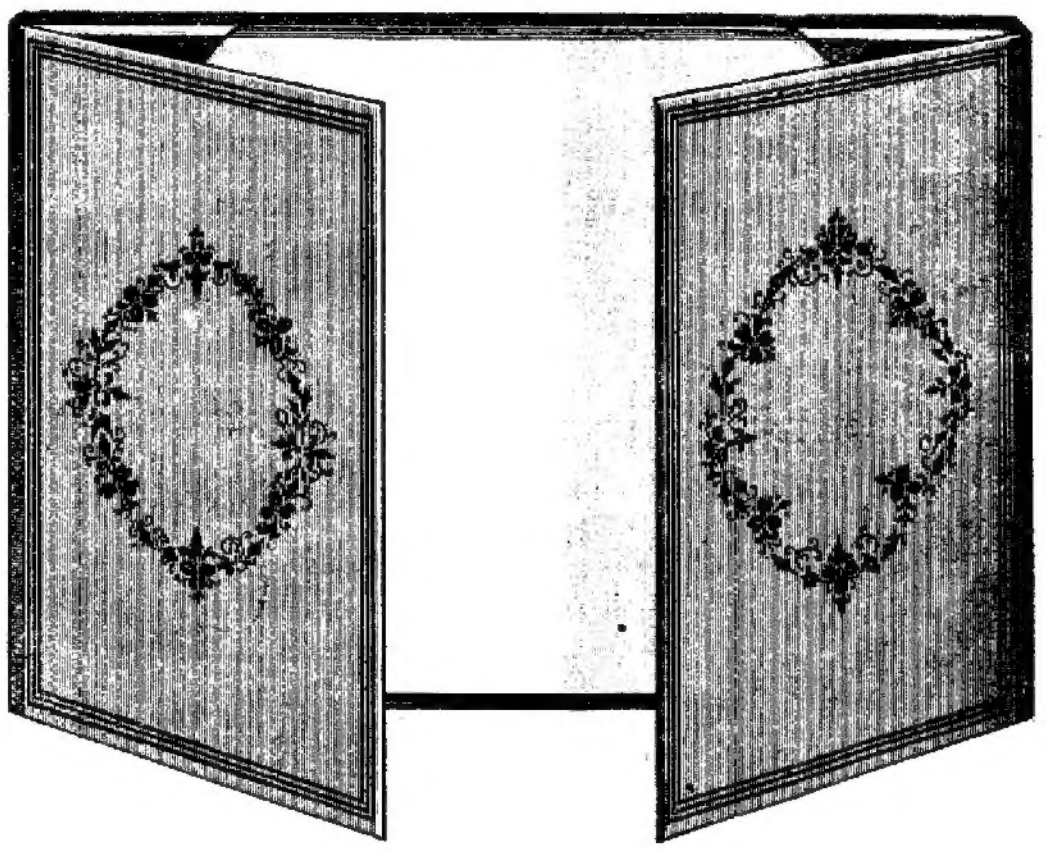
MISS J. GARDINER, Clearwater, writes:—"I received the fountain pen you promised in perfect condition. Thank you for the same. I am very well pleased with it as it surpassed my expectations."

JANET B. HOGG, of Chance Harbor, Pictou Co, N.S., says:—"I received the fountain pen you mailed me last week. I have tried it several times and am delighted with it. It is all that it is claimed to be."

PERHAPS YOU NEED A BLOTTER

A dainty blotter, of convenient size and shape, so arranged that it can be closed to cover up unfinished letters and protect them from the dust; having all the postal information and a calender for two years, 1902-3, is a requisite which every lady will appreciate.

This is the Souvenir Blotter which we have been sending to our subscribers. You can get one by sending **one dollar** and renewing your **subscription** or sending us one new subscriber. Read what people say who have had an opportunity of judging the blotter on its merits



Mille Roches, Mar. 27th, 1902

The Ladies' Journal Co.

Dear Sirs:—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your blotter. It is very pretty indeed; an ornament to any lady's writing desk, and very useful as well. With many thanks, I remain,

Yours truly,

MRS. W. AINSWORTH.

March 29th, 1902

The Ladies' Journal Co., Toronto.

Gentlemen:—I have just received the "blotter" or writing desk companion you so kindly sent me. My surprise was only equalled by my delight. It is a most beautiful and useful souvenir. I shall highly prize it, and earnestly thank you for the same. I heartily wish The Ladies' Journal a greater degree of and long continued success. Yours respectfully,

MRS. G. JOHNSTON, Balsam, Ont.

Antigonish, April 1st, 1902

The Ladies' Journal,

73-81 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Gentlemen:—The blotter you so kindly sent me received a couple of days ago. I am much pleased with it, and all the more so as it was such a surprise to me. It is neat and pretty and just the thing I wanted most. Please accept my best thanks for it and believe me,

Yours very sincerely, MRS. J. DICKSON.

Port Dover, April 11th, 1902

The Ladies' Journal Co.

Dear Sirs:—I received the blotter unexpectedly yesterday and I was very much pleased with it. Many thanks.

Yours truly,

MISS DAGMAR SMITH.

Fenelon Falls, March 27th, 1902

The Ladies' Journal Co.

Dear Sirs:—I received my blotter today (27th) and as it came unexpectedly I was delighted with it. I don't see how you can send such a handsome and useful present with your valuable journal which I think is steadily improving.

Yours respectfully,

ALICE THURSTON.

87 Gladstone Ave., Toronto,

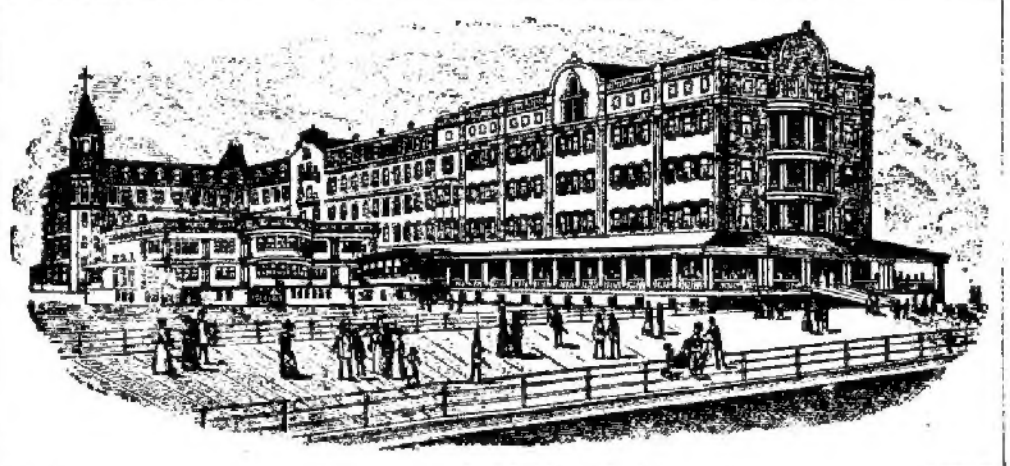
March 14th, 1902

Mrs. Softley begs to return thanks for the very pretty writing case which came to hand a few days ago.

ADDRESS The Ladies' Journal Co., 73-81 West Adelaide St. TORONTO

HOTEL TRAYMORE

Atlantic City, New Jersey



THE mild and bracing climate makes Atlantic City especially attractive as a winter resort. The Traymore is beautifully located on the most desirable section of the Boardwalk, and commands a magnificent Ocean View. The House is thoroughly equipped with every modern improvement that will add to the comfort and pleasure of the guests, and no expense has been spared in perfecting the details of the appointments. The rooms are handsomely furnished, and the communicating baths are supplied with both fresh and salt water. The Atlantic City Golf Links are acknowledged to be the finest in the United States. Traymore Booklets will be mailed on request, and correspondence relative to rates and accommodations is respectfully solicited.

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It promotes growth, restores color, and removes dandruff.

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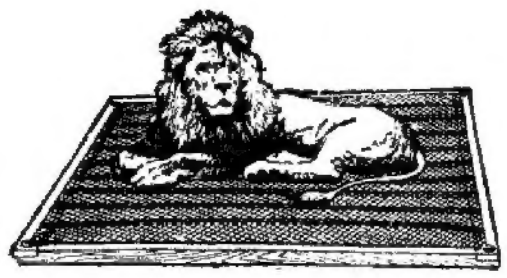

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